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# JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S BLIZZARD

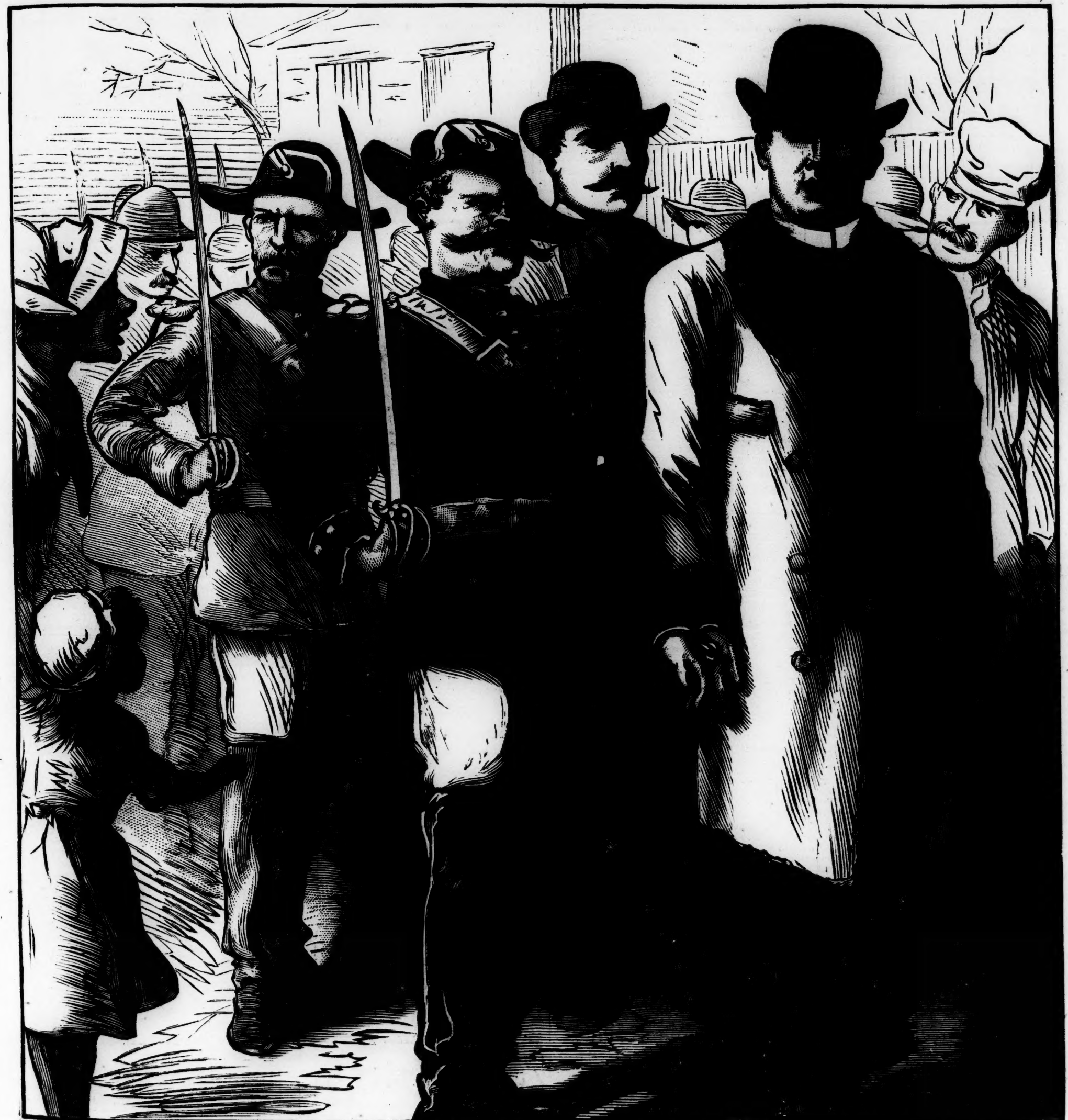
## THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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TAKEN IN BY GENDARMES.  
THE SULLIVAN-MITCHELL PARTY ON THEIR WAY TO SENLIS IN THE CUSTODY OF FRENCH POLICE.



## JOHN L.'S BLIZZARD

The Downfall of  
the Famous  
Slugger.

## ALMOST WHIPPED.

Bit off More Than He Could  
Chew When He Tackled  
Little Charley.

## ACTIVITY VS. BRAWN.

Scenes and Incidents  
After the Great  
Fight.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

What Well-Known Sporting Men  
Have to Say About  
the Result.

## "RED DRAGON'S" COMMENTS.



FTER the great battle between John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell ended on March 10, in a draw, the men having fought 39 rounds in 3 hours 11 minutes, Mitchell was by long odds the best man, and the strongest physically at the finish.

The party jumped into coaches and set out for Creil. Before they had proceeded a mile several ferocious gendarmes galloped up and ordered the party to stop. They refused, and continued to proceed, when the gendarmes drew their sabres and ordered the coachmen to pull up, and they, with French respect for the law representatives, obeyed despite the commands roared by their prize fighting fares to go right ahead.

Jake Kilrain, Billy Raymond and Wm. P. Morton, one of the Americans who was left at Rouen with Messrs. Lynch, Wakeley and Johnson when Jim Smith and Jake Kilrain went to Island St. Pierre to fight, determined not to be taken, and jumping from the carriage made a break for the woods. The gendarmes drew their pistols and fired. Raymond came back, but Kilrain, the American champion, and Morton escaped.

Jack Baldock, the famous second, also determined to be free, but as he got out he heard pistol shots, and looking up saw a third gendarme calmly pointing a pistol at his head. Thereupon, instead of making a dash for liberty, Baldock the bold, the fierce, took off his hat with a sweep, made such a bow as he considered adapted to win the Frenchman's heart, and climbed back into the carriage, at the same time explaining in English that he only meant to have a look at the country, and did not intend to leave his new friends. At this moment along came a half-dozen special police with guns, who had been grinning with deep delight. They were sworn in and put to watch with guns over the men whose fighting had made their French souls happy and astonished.

At a neighboring station the number of mounted gendarmes was augmented to ten, and five on each side, with sabres drawn, they escorted their captives along ten kilometres of road to Senlis. There they arrived at 6 o'clock, and all were put in prison. After an hour's suspense they were all brought up for examination before a magistrate in the big hall of the Sous Prefecture. The rank and file came in closely guarded. But the principals, Sullivan and Mitchell, whose battered condition demanded the most care, were evidently looked upon as important and dangerous. First Sullivan and then Mitchell were brought in, each handcuffed by the right wrist to a big gendarme. Either could have swung his left and put his soldier to sleep most soundly, but doing so was of course out of the question. There was interesting testimony given by the multitude of prisoners. All proved to be in France upon business quite distinct from prize fighting.

## "PONY'S" LITTLE RUSE.

Pony Moore, Mitchell's father-in-law, for instance, explained that he was a comedian and impresario in search of artists, and showed his return ticket. All the rank and file showed return tickets as evidence of their intention to leave France and the French in peace. The magistrate, favorably impressed, told them they might

go, and a great majority made straight for London without loss of time.

Mitchell and Sullivan alone were sent back to their cells, and McDonald and Blakelock, their trainers, were let out on promising to appear at 9 o'clock this Sunday morning.

The POLICE GAZETTE special correspondent went in search of a doctor in order to see the pugilists, also to ascertain if they needed anything. On visiting their cells it turned out the doctor's services were sadly needed. The American pugilist and Mitchell were in separate cells, cold and damp, without food and without covering to their beds. The French doctor, after a short examination, threw his hands toward heaven and vowed the men had been trying to murder each other. Mitchell's head was covered with bumps and his discolored face was a mass of knobs and bruises. His knees bore severe contusions from repeated falls. He fell more than forty times during the fight. There was a sinking in among the ribs around toward the lower part of the back, which the doctor declared indicated an awful blow from something, and he had managed to break a rib or two.

Sullivan was in a more pitiable plight than his wiry and plucky antagonist. His right eye was swelled and closed while his upper lip was cut and swollen and the hair of his mustache, which he foolishly refused to have removed, was matted into the ugly contusions.

The American's left cheek was also swelled and there were several lumps and contusions on his forehead. Both of his hands were puffed, and the skin had been rubbed off his knuckles, which went to show how terrific had been his blows in the early part of the fight, and it also conclusively proved that Mitchell must be a plucky, courageous boxer to receive such terrible punishment and yet fight nearly three hours and fifteen minutes.

Sullivan's and Mitchell's wounds were attended to and refreshments were sent to them.

Later, applications were made for permission to give the prisoners rugs and fur coats, but this was refused, for the *juge d'instruction* appeared to think the coverings might conceal ladders or ropes, or other means of escape.

Before leaving for England a sporting nobleman telegraphed to a well-known trainer asking him to use every endeavor to procure the release of Mitchell and Sullivan. Counsel was retained, and the lawyer had very little difficulty in persuading the *juge d'instruction* that the French Code had no pains and penalties wherewith to punish men who fought out a quarrel among themselves. Consequently Sullivan and Mitchell, after signing a bond of 1,000*fr.*, were admitted to bail about ten o'clock on March 11.

Kilrain and Rowell, who had gone to reconnoitre Chantilly, returned at half-past eleven and found the two prisoners at liberty and sitting down to a champagne breakfast at the Hotel du Grand Cerf.



FRENCH GENDARMES ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THE PUGILISTS—THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.

After breakfast a drive to Chantilly was suggested and carriages were ordered, but just as they were driving off the *juge d'instruction* suddenly arrived and declared that, having telegraphed to Paris and reported what had been done in the case of Sullivan and Mitchell, he had been instructed to detain them in custody unless their friends entered into a further bond of 3,000*fr.*—making \$800 in all—for their appearance in court the following morning.

An attempt was made to persuade him that the party would return in a few hours and put up the required sum. He pretended to believe the story, but he started in pursuit as soon as the carriage containing the last of the party had left. Mr. Phillips and Pony Moore had again to dip their hands in their pockets and pull forth a roll of "filmsies." Then the legal limb departed and the party scattered, Paris being the general rendezvous.

Sullivan turned up late at a bar in the Rue Scribe. Probably by now he is on his way across the silver streak bound for England or the Far West.

No article in the French code empowers magistrates to imprison persons taking part in a fight. The penalty imposed is a simple fine, varying from 25 to 50 francs, as for street rows and ordinary brawling. It is difficult to understand why the bail bond in this case should have been increased.

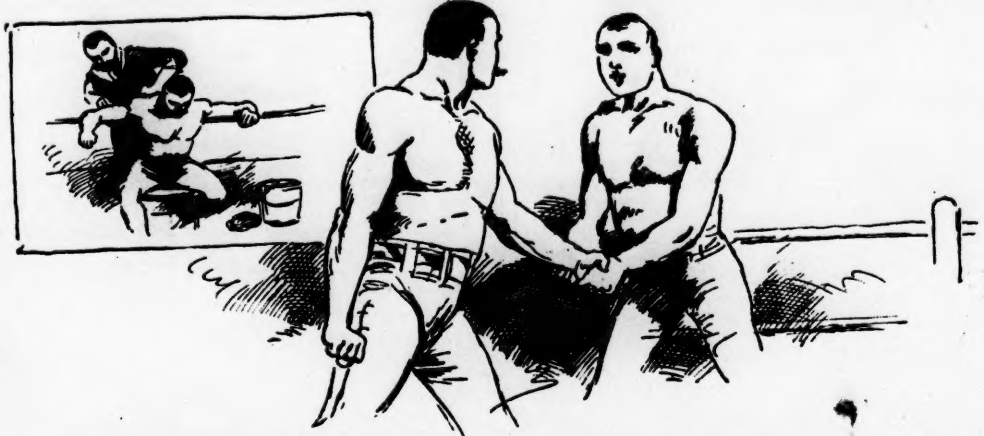
Sullivan had a very gay time during his first two or three hours in jail. The supper provided for him consisted of some very tender beefsteaks, bottles of claret and rum and some cheese. He ate ravenously, and his condition later showed that his drinking was not at all moderate. During the meal the pugilists were very friendly with each other, drank out of the same bottle and talked of the fight. Mitchell was in favor of returning and settling the matter for once and for all. What Sullivan's view of the proposition was will probably be guessed, as his reply is not known.

Magistrate Cassel, of Senlis, is outspoken in regard to the release of the fighters. He says it is a very unwise step to release such men on bail, and appears to think the men were unwise, too, for if they had remained at Senlis the tribunal there would have probably only imposed a very light fine. Cassel was very favorably disposed towards the fighters, and would have let them go unpunished. The other two Senlis magistrates were also very well disposed towards the pugilists.

After their release Sullivan and Mitchell took a train for Paris, and then boarded the night express for London. Sullivan was so drunk that he could not speak an intelligible word, and besides that he was very violent. The action of the men in running away is considered more than unwise, as now the \$800 reverts to the Government, and they will be tried and sentenced by default. In case they ever return to France they will be liable to be sentenced to prison for contempt. The trial by default will be held in the Senlis court to-day.

## Echoes of the Fight.

Mitchell threw Sullivan in the 7th round, and gained first blood in the 8th round, but he failed to win a knock down. In the latter round, also, Mitchell landed a terrific left-hander on Sullivan's right eye, which soon closed, shutting out the daylight. In the 3d round, it is said, Sullivan knocked his right hand up by a blow on Mitchell's cranium. Mitchell met with a



SHAKING HANDS BEFORE THE BATTLE—RUBBING SULLIVAN DOWN.

similar accident to that which had marred the chance of his opponent. In leading off with his left, Mitchell encountered Sullivan's elbow, and his "duke" went. He had to nurse his right and rely on one hand, so that the fight may be said to have been, not a one-sided, but a one-handed affair.

"Red Dragon," on March 12, cabled the following remarks in regard to the battle:

"Taking all things into consideration, the rain, cold and damp atmosphere, etc., the battle was a stubborn and well-contested one. Mitchell's generalship, strategy and cunning were remarkable. His blows were very forcible, and even his own most ardent admirers were surprised at the great courage which he displayed in battling against the much talked-of 'Champion of champions' (save the mark) for over three hours, especially when the latter was nearly twenty pounds heavier, taller and altogether a bigger man. Mitchell's dropping tactics, although not admired by the American party, were fair according to the conditions and rules under which the American champion of champions and Mitchell, who, by the way, is not a champion, fought.

"The result of the battle affords conclusive evidence of Mitchell's superiority as a boxer over his adversary.

a man until he succeeded in closing the American champion of champion's eye.

## WHAT SPORTING CRITICS SAID.

"The English prize ring critics who witnessed the battle claimed that if the American ever had been a champion his old time cunning had left him, and that either Jake Kilrain or Jim Smith could beat him in a 24-foot ring.

"Nearly all the party who paid a big tariff were satisfied with the plucky showing Mitchell made, but were disgusted and disappointed to think they had spent a week in following such a rank fighter, as they style Sullivan."

After the great battle between Jake Kilrain, the champion of America, and Jim Smith, the champion of England, for \$10,000 and the championship of the world, which lasted 106 rounds in two hours thirty-one minutes, Sullivan, who was giving exhibitions at Dublin, said: "Why Smith and Kilrain are two stuffs. They are pretty champions to fight two hours and thirty minutes. I could whip both of them in less time, and you can bet on what I say."

At the encounter between Sullivan and Mitchell, after the latter had fought for two hours and thirty minutes, during which, thirty-seven rounds were fought, several of the spectators began to make fun of Sullivan, and Baldock shouted: "How about Jim Smith and Jake Kilrain fighting two hours and a half. You said you could whip 'em both in less time, and take my word for it, you ain't whipped my man yet."

After Jake Kilrain, the American champion, made the game and determined battle with Jim Smith, England's champion, for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world, which lasted 106 rounds, fought in 2 hours 31 minutes, Sullivan laughed at the idea of the men making such a long battle, and said they were two sick fighters, and that he could whip either in half an hour and Mitchell in the bargain. Sullivan's attacks were written by his press agent and directed against Kilrain, merely because the POLICE GAZETTE champion had proved that he was not an impostor, or a coward, as Sullivan and Pat Sheedy, his manager, had published; and simply because Sullivan, "champion of ex-champions," was jealous of the high position Kilrain had attained by his plucky battle with Smith, the recognized champion of England. In reply to these attacks the following appeared in the *Sporting Life*, London, Dec., 1887, under the caption, "Is Sullivan a Champion?"

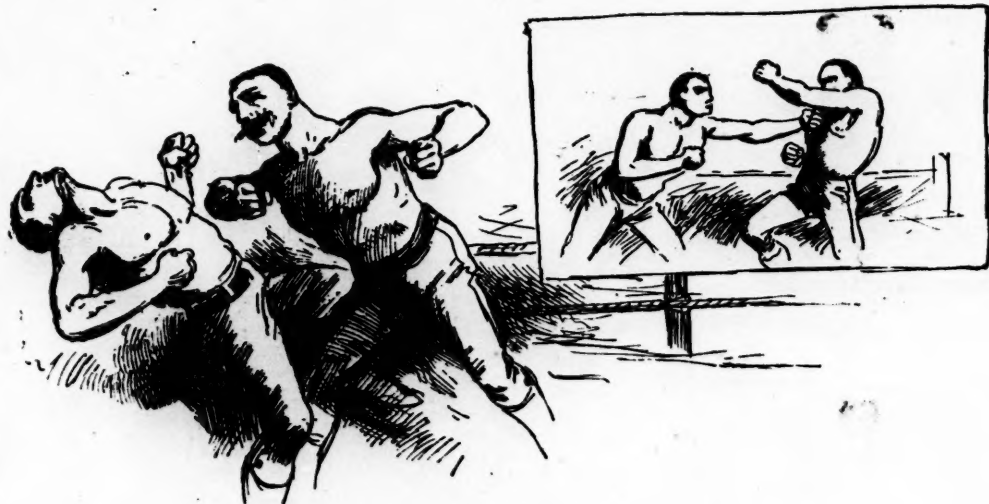
To the Editor of the *Sporting Life*: Sir—The numerous attacks upon Jake Kilrain by Sullivan require a reply. Mr. H. Phillips, Sullivan's manager, claims that Jake Kilrain is not among the first flight of pugilists. If Kilrain is not champion of America, who is? Sullivan has no right to that title. He won it at Mississippi City on Feb. 7, 1882, but he has never defended it, since; neither would he ever fight anyone unless the contest was to be limited to four rounds.

In 1882 Tug Wilson won the match he arranged with Sullivan, the latter failing to conquer him at Sullivan's own game. After the glove contest Richard K. Fox posted \$1,000 forfeit with Harry Hill, of New York, to match Tug Wilson against Sullivan for \$5,000 a side. Representatives of the men met, but Billy Madden, who was then Sullivan's manager, refused to arrange any match for the championship, although he agreed to box Tug Wilson again 4 rounds, according to prize ring championship rules. Now, everyone is aware that to be a champion he must fight all comers according to prize ring rules, and I claim that when Sullivan refused to cover the \$1,000 Richard K. Fox posted, and meet Tug Wilson, that from that time he ceased to be champion of America.

Again, Richard K. Fox brought Herbert A. Slade from New Zealand to fight John L. Sullivan. On Slade's arrival \$1,000 for fight was posted for Slade to fight Sullivan with bare knuckles according to prize ring rules. Sullivan could have easily beaten Slade, but he refused to fight for \$5,000, stipulating that he would only fight with gloves.

On Charley Mitchell's arrival in America Richard K. Fox again posted \$1,000 forfeit to match Mitchell to fight Sullivan for \$5,000 a side, according to prize ring rules, and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represented the championship of the world. Sullivan again failed to defend his claim to the title of champion, and the result was Mitchell had to accept Sullivan's terms, and box 4 rounds.

Alf Greenfield was brought from Birmingham, England, by Mr. Richard K. Fox to meet John L. Sullivan, a challenge was



SULLIVAN KNOCKED MITCHELL DOWN FIFTEEN TIMES.

ting seemed to have deserted him. He was exceedingly faulty in his judgment of distance, his blows seldom reaching home when he led. His gameness, however, deserves credit, for he responded to round after round after all hope of his winning had vanished, only to receive fearful punishment from his quick, agile antagonist, who, cut out for a long fight, paid no heed to the multitudinous hits received, but faced the music like

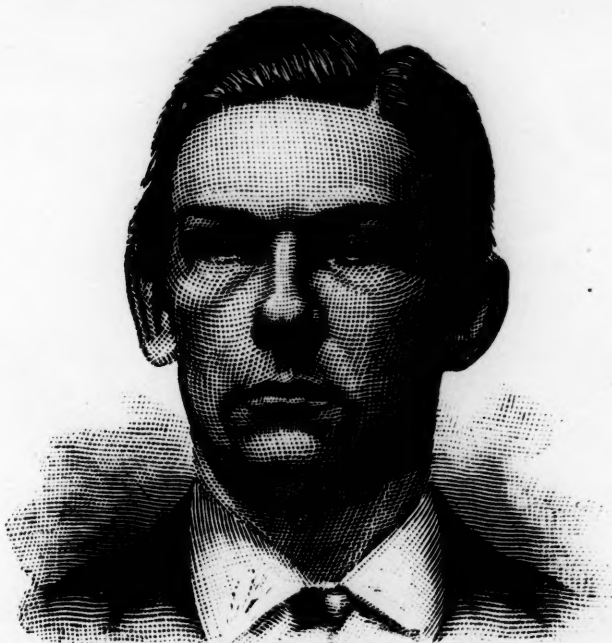
issued, and \$1,000 forfeit put up, but neither Sullivan nor his backer would agree to fight Greenfield according to prize ring rules, and the well-known Birmingham boxer consented to meet Sullivan on his own terms. The police stopped the first con-

\$1.00 sent to this office will pay for a THREE MONTHS' TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION to the POLICE GAZETTE. Try it.









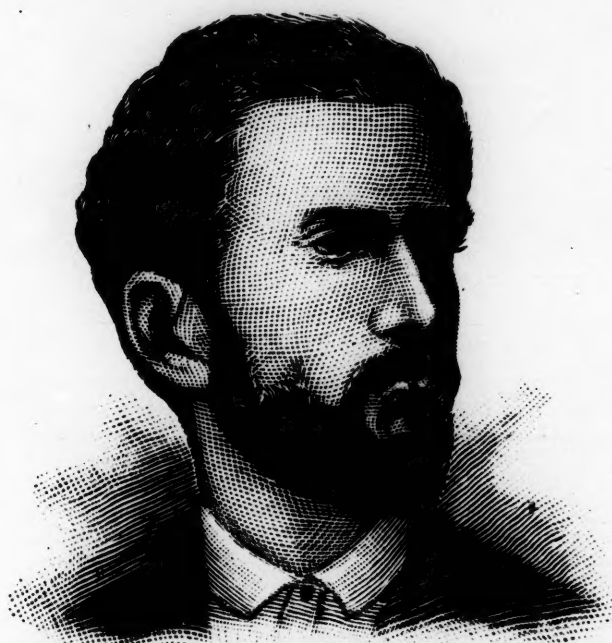
FREDERICK ANSCHLAG,  
TO BE HUNG IN APRIL NEXT FOR THE MURDER OF CHARLES B.  
HITCHCOCK, A FARMER, NEAR LOS ANGELES, CAL.



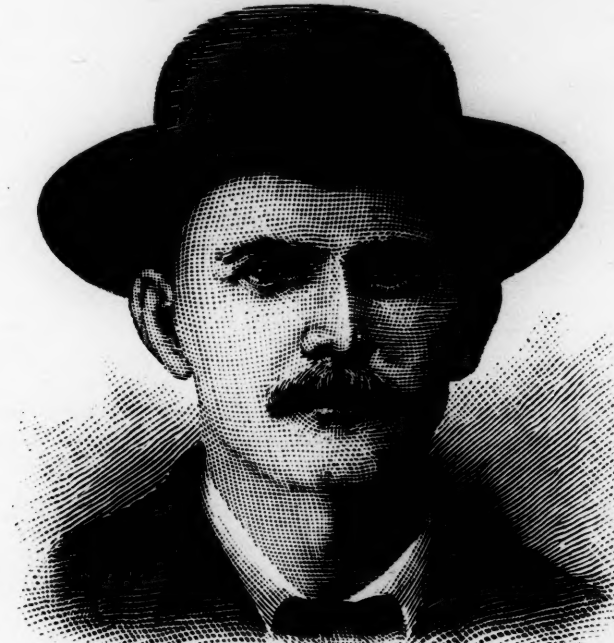
JOHNNY BEALL,  
AN EATON, OHIO, LAD WHO RECENTLY PLEADED GUILTY TO THE  
CHARGE OF MURDERING HIS MOTHER.



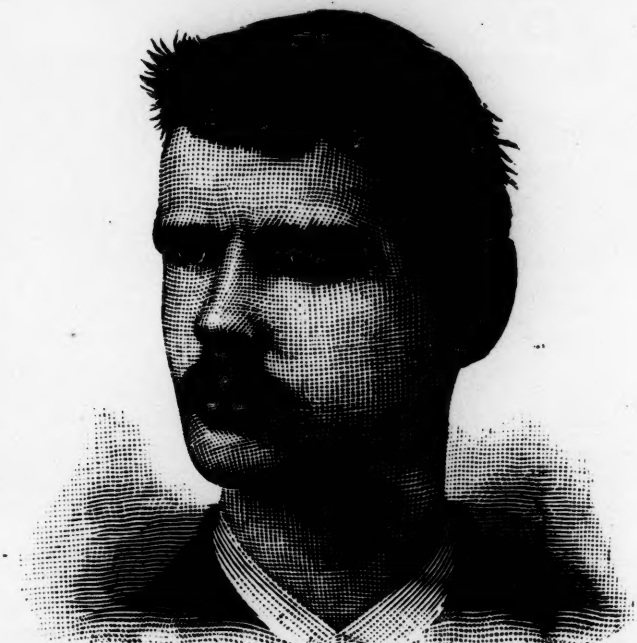
ALBERT MOWBRY,  
SENTENCED TO FIVE YEARS IMPRISONMENT FOR THE MURDER OF  
TOM MIDDLETON IN NEWTON TOWNSHIP, ARK.



ERAOLIO BERNAL,  
A NOTED BANDIT, THE SLAYER OF LEON BALDWIN, RECENTLY  
KILLED BY MEXICAN TROOPS.



JAMES PHILLIPS,  
RECENTLY SENTENCED AT SPRINGFIELD, MO., TO TEN YEARS IM-  
PRISONMENT FOR THE MURDER OF MRS. W. H. CLARKSON.



FERNAND B. POUPART,  
AN ABSCONDING CLERK OF THE COTTON EXCHANGE OF NEW OR-  
LEANS, LA., FOR WHOSE ARREST A REWARD IS OFFERED.



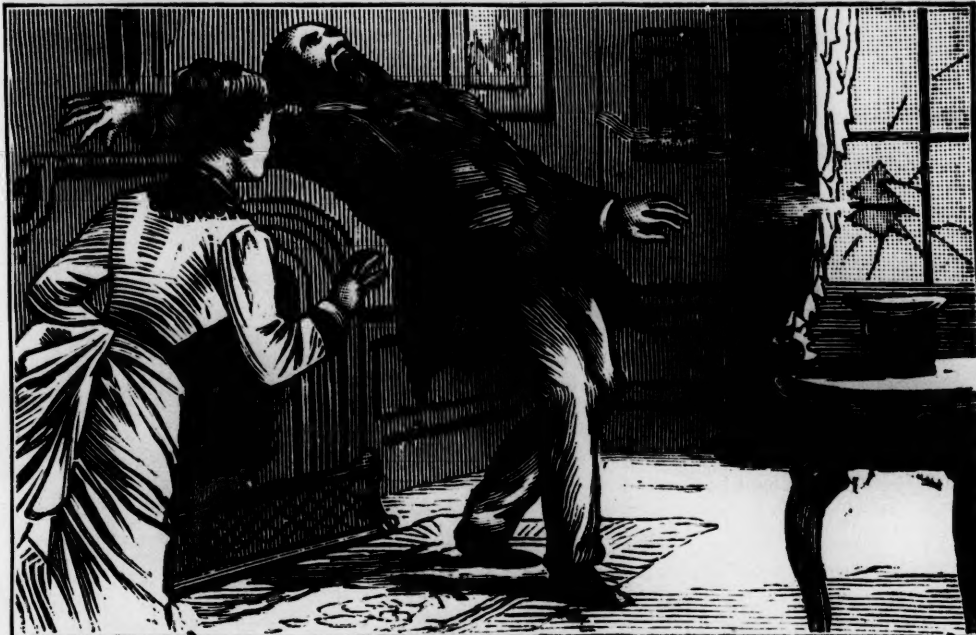
A WALL STREET SWELL EMULATES JOHN L.  
HE GOES FOR NAT GOODWIN, THE POPULAR ACTOR, AT THE HOFFMAN HOUSE AND GETS SOMEWHAT WORSTED.





DEATH IN THE TOY.

A LOADED REVOLVER IN THE HANDS OF TWO CHILDREN AT LOUISVILLE, KY., IS DISCHARGED WITH FATAL RESULTS.



AN UNKNOWN ASSASSIN.

WHILE STANDING IN A HOTEL PARLOR A CITIZEN OF LOGAN COURT HOUSE, W. VA., IS KILLED BY A BULLET FIRED THROUGH A WINDOW.



A SCHOOL-ROOM TRAGEDY.

WANTON SACRIFICE OF TWO LIVES AT ROME, MISS., IN CONSEQUENCE OF A BITTER FEUD BETWEEN PARENTS AND TEACHER.



PERILS OF TRAVEL.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE GOULD NARROWLY ESCAPE DEATH IN A RAILROAD SMASH-UP NEAR BLACKSHEAR, GA.



## JOHN L'S BLIZZARD.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE.)

arm after he had broken it on Patsy Cardiff's head in Minneapolis, was regretful at the news of Sullivan's want of success. He has always had a high regard for him ever since he met him. He considers him the finest specimen of a man physically that there is in this or any other country. He said that Sullivan must have been out of condition. He thought, too, that the rain had had an effect on him, but he wondered why it didn't have the same effect on Mitchell.

PAT SHARKEY, of 4th avenue and 13th street, this city, said: "While I never thought Mitchell could lick Sullivan, I have always looked on him as a first-class fighter and as cunning as they make them. They thought that he wouldn't go into the ring, did they? Well, that's just where they got left. I never had any doubt about it. He's plucky, I tell you. I don't believe, either, that Sullivan was overtrained. All the reports that have been received have said that he was in the best condition, so it's nonsense to say it now, when he is practically whipped."

FRANK STEVENSON, the champion referee, said: "The result is the biggest surprise ever experienced in the sporting world. On every hand men tell me they cannot credit the report. One thing I can say—if Mitchell made the splendid fight he is reported as having made he is the greatest pugilist in the world. Mitchell was always a good man, and only needed a chance to show what he could do against a man like Sullivan. There's no use of trying to assign a cause for what is practically Sullivan's defeat, outside of the fact that he met a good man, who gave him a lively whirl."

FRANK GLOVER, of Chicago: "If it's so that the fight was declared a draw I'll kill Sullivan, and he knows it, and it's my opinion that he'll take to drinking and go to the devil in quick time. I'm surprised that Mitchell should have allowed a draw to be declared. He's very ambitious, and if he'd got so far along that it seemed probable he'd win, I think he'd fought to a finish. Then, there was \$10,000 up, and that was worth fighting to a finish for. Sullivan is the superior of Mitchell in every way, and I don't see why he didn't knock him out, though the London prize ring rules were against him."

PAT SHERIDY said: "Mitchell deserves credit for getting everything his own way in the making of the match. He did just what I would have done. And Sullivan yielded everything. I don't see what use there was in his chasing around after the worst of it. The best of it is what I'd be looking for. You can make up your mind that when he found that he couldn't get at Mitchell and began to realize that there was a chance of getting the worst of it—although it would take a long time for that to get into his head—he was about the hottest man that ever stood in the ring."

MIKE DONOVAN said that he was not surprised that



MITCHELL STIRS UP THE "BIG 'UNS" PUNCH BOWL.

the fight had lasted so long, but that Mitchell had succeeded in making such a good showing. Under the London prize ring rules long fights are almost inevitable. "I think," he continued, "that the rain had something to do with Sullivan's not finishing his man long before the draw. You may say that the rain was just as bad for Mitchell as for Sullivan. But it must be borne in mind that Sullivan was 20 pounds heavier than his opponent, and consequently found the wet ground softer to his tread. He probably sank deeply into the mud at every step. This is a very bad handicap for a man, as every fighter knows. It is just as necessary in a prize fight to be agile with the feet as with the fists."

BILLY TRACEY said: "The result is no surprise to me. The fact is, Mitchell knew what he was about when he forced a fight with Sullivan. That's what he had to do. He's been trying to get a fight with him for a long time, as every one knows. I think if he had succeeded in having a go at him at Madison Square Garden that time he would have whipped him. When Sullivan ran against Mitchell he struck a good man and a fighter, and just remember that. Anybody who ever stood before Mitchell knows that he's away off from being a chicken. The men were both equally trained; they should have been any way. They had the finest men in the world back of them. All this talk about Sullivan's trainers is only an effort to find for his defeat—and that's what it is—some other than the real reason."

ARTHUR CHAMBERS, of Philadelphia, said: "I don't believe that Sullivan threw the fight. No money in the world could induce Sullivan to throw a fight. If Sullivan was in condition I don't think any man in the world could whip him. I can't believe that he was in good condition when he met Mitchell. I am surprised that he stayed so long. I thought he would whip Mitchell in half an hour, and if he didn't I was satisfied that Mitchell would whip him. You may depend upon it that if Sullivan didn't do Mitchell that Mitchell had the best of the fight toward the end. Mitchell is a good man and he must have all the credit he deserves. He must have used good head work to handle Sullivan as he did. I don't think Sullivan had good seconds. A good second can do almost anything with a fighter when the fighter is in dead earnest to win and is thoroughly warmed up to his work."

JACK PERCIVAL, after the battle, met Ashton and said: "Why didn't your man win in 15 minutes? Why, if he fought until the Derby was to be run, by Jove! he would not win."

Ashton replied: "The rain gave him a chill."

Percival remarked: "Pshaw, my boy! I would sooner back you than Sullivan. He is no nailer, and, mind what I tell you, Kilrain is miles ahead of him. The idea of rain washing out his pluck! I have been carried away by poor judges. When Smith fought Jake Kilrain I bet \$500 on Smith to £100 and found I was on the wrong horse. I shifted, as they say at Croydon, and put up £500 to £100 on the American. He has

plenty of chance to show his ability, but acts like a wooden man, and lets the little 'un fool all round him until he was beaten."

Ashton said nothing, but walked away.—N. Y. Daily News correspondent, March 10.

Mrs. JOHN L. SULLIVAN, who is residing at Centerville, R. I., said: "I am glad of it. I wish Mitchell had killed him. He is a great big no good. I have known his method for a long time and now the people are



FIRED AT BY GENDARMES—MITCHELL'S TRAINING QUARTERS AT RIPLEY, ENGLAND.

finding him out. He often told me that he could do nothing unless he made a big assault at the first and overpowered his man by superior weight. Mitchell is a dodger and kept him at bay until he lost his wind. Then my brave John L. was winded and helpless. He is a greatly overrated man, I am glad of his defeat. He will die a beggar, as he deserves to do, for his ill treatment of me."

"Will you ever live with him again?"  
"Never! If he was made of gold and there was not another man in the world I would never listen to him again."

"Do you propose to get a divorce?"  
"Yes, as soon as I get the mortgage on my house in Boston, which he contracted, paid off, I am done with him for good and ever."

There is no sporting man in America who can give a better inside view of the merits of John L. Sullivan than Al Smith, who made more money for the once great pugilist than any of the other men who had the management of the Boston boxer. Smith was not surprised at the result of the battle between Mitchell and Sullivan, and when interviewed he said:

"I am not very much surprised at the result."

"Why?"

"Well, Sullivan is a hurricane fighter. He has to do his work with a good, sound man in the shortest possible time. If he hits his antagonist once squarely in the right spot, why, the fight is ended then and there. But if his opponent can manage to avoid his knock-out blows for four or five rounds and can stand the punishment he is sure to receive aside from them, then, if he is a really good man, he will be able to worry Sullivan and perhaps whip him."

"Sullivan is not a sound man. He is a natural wonder in the way of physical development, but he has been guilty of every possible excess, and he has undermined his constitution to that extent that he cannot stand the pressure of a long contest. No amount of care or training will eradicate his trouble, and he knows it. In fact, I may say that his knowledge of his condition has interfered with his engagements more than once."

"On that occasion, a few years ago, when Sullivan was announced to fight Mitchell at the Madison Square Garden, and got up on the stand and told the big crowd that had assembled that he was sick and unable to fight, he was really afraid of the result. He knew or thought Mitchell was in prime condition and feared that he might down him. The afternoon of the day announced for the fight he drank freely, and had a doctor's certificate ready for the evening at an early hour. I couldn't get him to step on to the platform and meet Mitchell, although I and others tried our best to do so. That night I broke with Sullivan and would have nothing more to do with him."

"Any one who had much to do with Sullivan could see he was not sound. When he was on the road under my management he was up to all sorts of devilry, and the effects were shown even in the most unimportant bouts he had with other men. He would breathe hard at the conclusion of every round and behave as though greatly oppressed at times. His chest would heave like a bellows, while his opponents would breathe nat-

conduct, you know, won't do. It will tell on the strongest physique and constitution, and has had, doubtless, a great deal to do with the result of the fight with Mitchell."

"I think there are several men who can whip Sullivan. I haven't a very high opinion of Mitchell's abilities; still, he did very well in this fight which has just taken place. I believe Kilrain can whip Sullivan, Mitchell or anybody else in the world. He is the

## GOOD WORDS FOR MITCHELL.

The following communications regarding the great battle have come to hand from various parts of the country. The first is from Billy Madden, manager of John L. when he first entered on his pugilistic career:

CINCINNATI, O., March 12, 1888.

Editor Police Gazette—Mitchell did very well in his go with John L. It is just as I told you—Sullivan was the greatest advertised man on earth. Of course, the people looked for him to kill Mitchell, and I knew they would be fooled. If it had been Kilrain, I am tempted to believe it would be good-by John. Your friend,

BILLY MADDEN.

COLUMBUS, Neb., March 12.

Editor Police Gazette—It was cheering intelligence when we learned that the great "fistic marvel," John L. Sullivan, had his muscle in his lips, not his hands. Great demonstration was made at this point on the failure of Goliath to subdue the young dude drug clerk, Charley Mitchell. Yours truly,

TOM CAIN.

WEST BRIDGEWATER, Pa., March 15.

Editor of the Police Gazette—I was jumping all over with joy when I read the news regarding the battle between Mitchell and Sullivan. I think that Mitchell can whip them all, barring Kilrain. Yours truly,

W. C. NOSS.

ST. MARY'S, OHIO, March 12, 1888.

Editor Police Gazette—We would like very well to welcome John L. Sullivan, the slugger, back as a citizen of this great U. S.; but since his departure his place has been taken up, and consequently we have no room for him. Dispose of him by the English Channel and a millstone. Respectfully,

SPORTS.

PITTSBURG, March 11, 1888.

Editor Police Gazette—I am a constant reader of your valuable paper, and I consider it the best and squarest paper on sporting matters of all kinds, and also the leading sporting paper in this or any other country. Take the Sullivan-Mitchell fight for example. While other papers ranted about Mitchell's faint-heartedness, I won money by backing your judgment.

I remain, yours truly,

JAS. BROOKE.

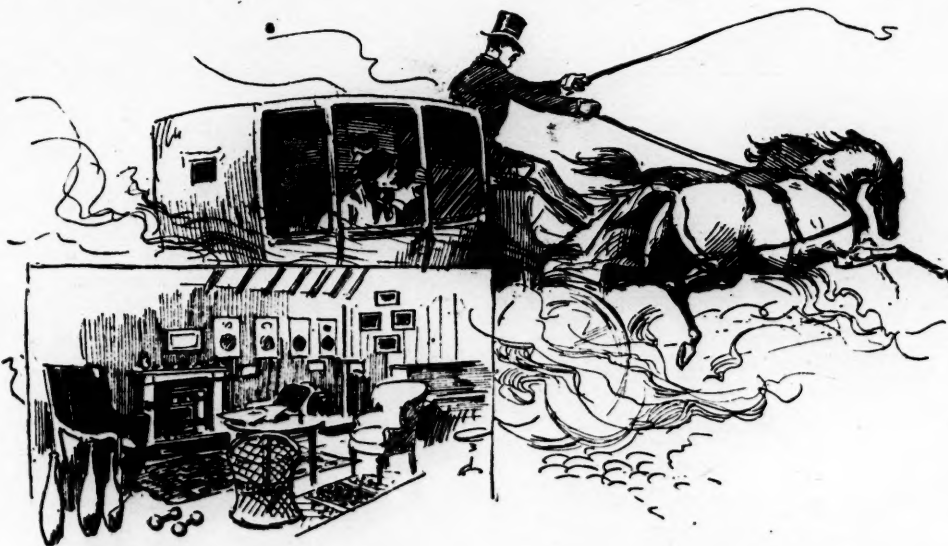
## Opinions of the Press.

A great variety of opinions have been expressed by the press, editorially and otherwise, regarding the fight: Mr. John L. Sullivan, the pride of Boston, is done for.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

Sullivan's mouth, being not wholly disabled, he will still claim the proud title of champion.—*Chicago Tribune*.

As a field fighter Colonel Sullivan failed to distinguish himself in his skirmish with Mitchell.—*St. Louis Evening Chronicle*.

It seems that the Hon. John L. Sullivan can hit



TRYING TO ELUDE THE FRENCH POLICE—INTERIOR OF MITCHELL'S GYMNASIUM.

urally and not seem greatly upset by their efforts. I took good care in those days, when offering prizes to men in the different towns and cities we visited to come on the stage to box with Sullivan, not to have too good men face him. I was afraid they might outlast him, and that wouldn't do at all, you know."

"Indeed, Sullivan has never, since he came into prominence, been a perfectly sound man. He began his excesses before he became known as a fighter, and he has kept them up ever since. That sort of

harder with his mouth than with his fists.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

John L. Sullivan has fallen! The portentous blow which has stricken down this modern Samson is as appalling to his admirers as it is unexpected.—*New York Tribune*.

In miniature, Sullivan at Criel teaches the same lesson that Napoleon taught at Leipsic. His Waterloo will come.—*Louisville Times*.

John L. Sullivan's monumental image will not be

erected in Boston. How soon a hero drops below zero when success no longer succeeds!—*Baltimore American*.

There is a widespread feeling of sorrow that an idol has been shattered and that the Sullivan colors are doomed to be fringed with crape, for the present at least.—*Correspondent N. Y. Star*.

A fistic fake. The Sullivan-Mitchell fight proves to be a fizzle. A disgraceful exhibition. Boston's bruiser fails to knock out the English tough. Another ring swindle. Lots of thin excuses, but very little fighting. *Philadelphia Sunday Mercury*.

It is the almost unanimous opinion among all classes that the American "champion of champions" is now relegated to the ranks of ordinary "pugs," and must henceforth seek engagements not on his own terms, but the terms stipulated by such men as may think it worth while to fight him.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Many have had an idea that the Sullivan and Mitchell battle was for the championship. This is a mistake. Jem Smith, and not Mitchell, is champion of England, while Jake Kilrain, and not Sullivan, is champion of America. The match between Mitchell and Sullivan was for \$2,500 a side.—*N. Y. Daily News* (London special), March 11.

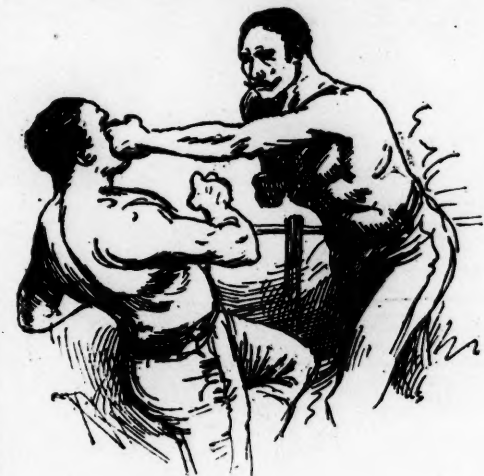
The fallen idol, John L. Sullivan, is homeward bound. He has forfeited his bail in France and gloomily announces that he will fight no more. Of course he will not. The little Englishman has given him a handsome thrashing, and Sullivan will do well to go home and let the world forget how a braggart has been silenced.—*N. Y. Press*.

That Charley Mitchell, clever, intelligent and able fighter as he is, should have stood before Monsieur Jean Laurence Soolivan for three hours and eleven minutes, the regular intermission between rounds included even, sounds absurd, and presupposes some extraordinary circumstances that told very heavily against Sullivan than Mitchell.—*New York Sun*.

The *World* correspondent said: "Sullivan's anger and despair in the last few rounds was terrible to see, and all the more eloquent because so silent and voiceless. Phillips, Macdonald and Blakelock looked almost with tears in their eyes and implored the champion to close and with one of his terrible right hands settle the now dangerously prolonged struggle, but Mitchell out-generaled him."

"Macon," in the *Evening Sun*, March 12, says: "The result of the fight between Sullivan and Mitchell proves several things, the first of which is that Sullivan's prolonged career of debauchery has greatly injured his stamina. Much has been said and written about the big fellow's spree, but a title of the truth has not been told. For years he has drunk to excess, not only in company but an solitary, as the French say. He contended that he was as good as ever, and there is no doubt that he thought he was, but he is not the first fighter to discover when too late that he is stale and done for."

The *Baltimore American*, speaking editorially of the fight, says: "Every one now agrees that the Kilrain and Smith battle was more determined and better contested than the Sullivan and Mitchell contest. The latter lasted three hours and eleven minutes. During the first of the fight Sullivan seemed to be the superior man, and in the sixth, seventh and eighth rounds showed considerable of his old-time cunning, giving



THE BOSTON BOY GIVES IT TO HIM.

Mitchell a number of vigorous blows. Afterward he fought with no particular strength or energy. Mitchell fought pluckily, and seemed to hold the trumps when the mill was declared a draw."

"OH, WHAT A SURPRISE!"

What, Mitchell has stood up before John Sullivan and is not now in a state of jelly? What, Sullivan has scowled made "fierce rushes," "hit out with his terrible left," and Charley lives? Marry, but this is not according to Hoyle, to Cocker or any of our old guides.

Yes, Mitchell has stood up, has lain down, has danced, has capered, has "bobbed," has "fistic," "fistic" and "out-fighting" and all the rest of it, and has only "two lovely black eyes" to show for it.

Oh, what a surprise!

Oh, what a surprise!

O Boston, O Boston, say what it means—Two lovely black eyes.

—*Journal*, N. Y., March 11.

The N. Y. Sun, Mar. 13, said: "There are many today who are abusing Boston's pride, declaring that he never could fight, etc.; but a good many things must be remembered in his favor. He was fighting with a man of marvellous quickness of foot and great generalship, whom he could not get at, and he was fighting under rules which he was not familiar with, and which, affording to his opponent a rest of thirty seconds at any time, defeated his usual tactics of finishing a man quickly with repeated rushes. It must be remembered that smallness in stature, except in so far as it detracts from the strength of the small man's blow, is a great advantage in the prize ring. Mitchell, as every one agrees, is a great fighter." Prior to the battle the same writer said Mitchell was a coward, that he would never step into the ring with Sullivan. "Consistency, thou art a jewel."

New York Herald (editorially) March 11:

WHAT? A DRAW?

Boston is the most deeply grieved and the most nearly broken hearted city in the Union this morning. Not even her transcendentalism, of which she has many varieties, can afford her adequate consolation in her distress.

As related elsewhere, her idol has literally gone back on her. Her John, the immortal slugger, who smiled with god-like disdain when Mitchell offered to meet him in the ring and put a head on him, is not the man he was two years ago. Had he been he would have whipped Mitchell senseless in half an hour. The arm that once held the pugilistic world at bay has lost its striking power, and an uneven life has destroyed a body such as nature gives to few men.

Though yesterday's meeting was more of a foot race than a fistic battle, the Englishman accomplished all that his warmest supporters hoped for. The ring was large, and in making more use of his feet than of his hands he tired the big fellow out.

It was not the rain, by the way, that prevented Sullivan from whipping Mitchell. Eight rounds were fought before a drop of water fell, and eight rounds were all that Sullivan wanted.

Sullivan versus Mitchell—a draw. Poor Boston!

## Red Light.

As the red light is used for the prevention of accidents wherever displayed, so "Red Light Preventive" is used for the prevention of certain diseases. Read advertisement page 15.

Addison L. Langdon, the Evangelist, editor and publisher of the *Saturday Review*, Quincy, Ill., whose photograph appeared recently in the *POLICE GAZETTE*, says: "We think it a decided compliment to be selected for pictorial fame in a paper like the *POLICE GAZETTE*, having an enormous circulation."





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1888.

TO OUR READERS.

If there is no news agent in your locality, or from ANY OTHER CAUSE you cannot procure the "Police Gazette," send one dollar to this office, and the paper will be regularly mailed, securely wrapped, for thirteen weeks. Agents wanted wherever there is no newsdealer. Sample copy sent free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

IT WAS A COLD DAY FOR JOHN L.

The portentous blow which has stricken down the modern Samson is as appalling to his admirers as it was unexpected. They may well be chagrined over the disastrous result of his great battle with the invincible little Englishman. Their idol has been shattered. John L.'s prestige as a pugilist is irretrievably lost, and he is now the champion of nobody.

The defeat of John L.'s purposes in the battle at Chantilly plainly signifies that his pugilistic powers have been very much overrated. For years he has been regarded as a great fighter. This honor he acquired, not from any remarkable achievements in the prize ring, but by his own stupendous conceit. As a booster John L. has had few equals, but the POLICE GAZETTE has never accorded to him any extraordinary fighting qualities.

There is no doubt that Sullivan was never in better fighting condition than he was when he confronted Charley Mitchell in the prize ring. He had undergone a thorough training, and his muscles were well toughened by hard and systematic work. Every ounce of superfluous flesh had been dispensed with under the skillful manipulation of his efficient trainers. His careful preparation for his fight with Mitchell indicated that he realized that it would be no boy's play to knock out the English boxer, and that his failure to do so would sacrifice his reputation as a pugilist. Moreover, the fact that he fought for over three long hours trying to subdue Mitchell proves that he did his level best in that direction.

The greatest living pugilist to-day is modest Jake Kilrain, who bested Jem Smith in the match for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world, which was fought on Dec. 19, 1887. Kilrain has won this distinction not by vain boasting, but by an honorable record that stands unrivalled. But, notwithstanding he had achieved many notable successes as a pugilist, it was Richard K. Fox who brought him out and secured for him that recognition his ability as a fighter so well deserved. The former put up \$1,000 with the New York Clipper to match Kilrain to fight John L. Sullivan, or any man in the world, for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the world's championship. Sullivan would not accept the challenge from Kilrain, and all efforts to match Kilrain against him fell through. Afterward Kilrain was matched to fight Jem Smith, the champion of England, for \$10,000 and the world's championship. As every one knows, Kilrain was declared the winner.

Mr. Lewis Rosenthal, whose nom de plume, Rosen, is becoming familiar to the public, has been appointed dramatic writer of the POLICE GAZETTE.—Truth, March 1.

MASKS AND FACES

Airy Costumes---Blizzard at the  
Theatres---Billy Edwards on  
Actors and Boxing---The  
Songs of Pastor.

ACTRESSES AT THE BATH.

"What's in that envelope there?" Dolly, of the Casino, asked Poney, of the Bijou, day before yesterday.  
"Guess!"  
"A letter from Jack?"  
"No!"  
"A check from Van Sucker?"  
"No!"  
"A bill from Catchem, Cheatham & Fleeson?"  
"No!"  
"Fahaw!" impatiently exclaimed Dolly, at last. "I give it up! Tell us, will you?"

"Well," answered Poney, of the Bijou, demurely, "in this envelope is my costume for the 'Pearl of Pekin' isn't it lovely?"

If Worth, of Paris, knows how to dress the conventional figure of a woman of fashion, Rice, of the Bijou, certainly has the knack of draping the bust and leg of the woman of burlesque.

That's a compliment, and it's deserved.

Our unexpected and uninvited dead-head guest, Blizzard, knocked theatrical business to the dickens last week and cost our city managers some cool, very cool, thousands.

Blizzard stepped up to the box offices of our theatres for two days in succession with the gall of a professional dead-head, and ordered the treasurers to close the houses—and they had to close. The lull was only temporary, however. Maggie Mitchell persisted in showing her perennial juvenility as Maggie, the Midget.

What a lot of homely girls she's got in the chorus! Barnum let the elephant go round, and the lion roar, and the clown joke, and the gymnast twist.

Cora Tanner still insisted on rambling round "Alone in London."

By the way, do flower girls walk the streets in train dresses?

Nat Goodwin smilingly "Turned Up."

Daily tried to make people believe they were in the midst of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Palmer played a good game of "Heart of Hearts."

Abbey, in the depth of snow and slush, invited us to visit him in "Town and Country," and we went and enjoyed ourselves.

Harrigan made us comfortably warm in the Sunny South with "Pete," and with "Paul Kauvar," amidst revolutionary scenes, Mackaye caused our blood to run cold and our hair to stand on end.

"I think all actors should learn how to box," said Billy Edwards to me at the Hoffman House the other night. "It gives them grace of movement, nerve, and self-control. I can tell in a second whether an actor has used the gloves or not. The fellows who have, ten to one, are always more at ease on the stage. I have little opportunity of going to the theatre, but I have personally known a lot of actors in my day. Mr. Barrymore, Mr. Hilliard, Mr. Kelcey, Mr. Massen, are, I know, great admirers of the art of boxing, and good at it, too. I hear that Mr. Westcroft is clever with his hands. When he played the villain in the 'Still Alarm' he wrestled in the last act with Harry Lacy in capital style. Aside from the exercise, boxing is a good way to keep the flesh down. A leading man who is fat always makes me laugh."

I wonder where Chanfrau, acting the "Arkansas Traveler," is knocking around now? J. Charles Davis, the able representative of Mr. Harry Miner down at the People's theatre, showed me one of his scrap books the other day, and in it I found this account of the original traveler in Arkansas:

The scene is that of a dilapidated log cabin in Arkansas. Its dramatic persons, a trapper seated upon an inverted tub, playing the first part of a familiar air upon an old violin, and his wife and children. A stranger enters, and the following colloquy ensues:

Stranger—How do you do, sir? Are you well?  
Trapper—Stranger, kin you call a man who eats three square meals a day, drinks hearty an sleeps sound—well?  
Stranger—Well?  
Trapper—That wor h'yar—when I come h'yar. (Fiddles.)

Stranger—Thank you for the information.  
Trapper—You're welcome, Stranger.  
Stranger—Can I stay here to-night?  
Trapper—Well, you can stay h'yar.  
Stranger—How long will it take to get to the next tavern?

Trapper—Well, you'll not get there at all if you stand thar a-foolin' with me all night. (Fiddles.)  
Stranger—Do you keep any spirits in this house?  
Trapper—Guess thar's plenty down to the graveyard. (Fiddles.)

Stranger—How do you cross the river ahead?  
Trapper—The ducks all swim across. (Fiddles.)  
Stranger—Why don't you play the second part of that tune?

Trapper—Cos I don't know it. Kin you?  
Stranger—I can.

Trapper—You kin! Look h'yar, Stranger, any man who kin play the second part of that air tune kin go right into Congress onto it.

Stranger—Give me the fiddle. (Takes fiddle and plays the entire tune.)

Trapper (yelling with joy)—That's it! By gol! Do it again, Stranger. Yah-e! (Shaking hands.) H'yar, Stranger, make yourself at home. You kin stay a week—live an' die h'yar if it's agreeable. Here, Sal, bring that there jug out. An' go dig some sassafras root and make the Stranger a cup of tea. Snake hands again, Stranger! By Gol! You're a trump, you are! Play it agin!

One of the fashionable up-town baths is extensively patronized by some of our leading actresses. They disport themselves there two or three times a week, have themselves massaged, smoke cigarettes

and drink black coffee. The scene reminds one of a scene in a harem of the Orient.

A discussion arose among the flannel-clothed nymphs there the other day as to the size of waists of some female theatrical attractions.

"Twenty is a small waist," volunteered Kitty Bracer, ex-ballet dancer with Kiralfy. "They're precious few women who get down to eighteen."

"It's with women and their corsets," laughingly remarked Mimi Laroche, an ancient follower of Aimee's. "A good deal as it is with women and their age. First, it's hard to get them into the twenties, and then it's hard to make them get out of them again."

James Whitcomb Riley, the dialect poet, paid us a visit last week. "Sol Smith Russell," said he, "has been reciting some of my pieces lately, especially the one beginning 'Nothing to say.' I would rather hear him recite my poems than any one I know of. He is one of the best representatives of the modern realistic style of acting on the stage, the style which Joe Jefferson really brought into favor. Denman Thompson is another great actor in the same line. Till Denman Thompson took up the part the stage Yankee was for years a sort of impossible creature, in garments that no human being ever wore, or ever will, a sort of Uncle Sam, with the traditional hat, a stewed tomato-colored vest and pantaloons too short for him, anchored to his boots by means of straps. Denman Thompson went and saw a Yankee, and then, as Shakespeare advises, he held a mirror up to nature. He draws crowded houses night after night. Most of the people who go to see him don't understand the inimitable little touches, and they fail to applaud in the right place; but they feel the effect of the entire representation, and they say, 'It's right.'"

Among the amusing incidents of the late snow storm in this city were the efforts some actors and actresses made to reach their theatres.

Marion Erie got about half way in a cab, when the driver, an Irishman with a load of whisky, got down from the box and swore he'd go no further. He even ventured to enter the cab, proposed a game of forty-fives to the blonde actress, and was only persuaded to try his hands at the reins again by the crisp sound of a new five-dollar bill.

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Why the trains don't run,  
And we've snow instead of sun;  
I wonder what the Dickie birds say."

Speaking of prompt improvisations reminds me of how Billy Florence once got himself out of a bit of trouble on the stage. He was playing in burlesque, and in his enthusiasm leaned too heavily on his tin sword and bent it double. The audience roared, but Florence turned toward his adversary in the scene and calmly invented these lines:

"I yield, fair knight, I see I am a goner:  
With such a sword as this I'll scot around the corner."

"Before I became press agent connected with Corinne," remarked Mr. Wagstaffe to me the other day. "I was a newspaper man. In the course of my work I once had occasion to look up the subject of green rooms. Do you know that this ancient institution is almost extinct in New York? Actors and actresses prefer to get ready to face the audiences in their dressing rooms. The origin of the institution of the green room, Manager Frohman told me, came about from the necessity actors and actresses formerly had for a room where they might obtain rest for the eyes after the strain upon them caused by the glare of chandelier and gaslight. The room was then furnished with a dark green tapestry which gave a welcome change to the glare and glitter on the stage; hence the title 'green room.' The Lyceum, Casino and Grand Opera House have, in my opinion, the best equipped green rooms in town. The Fifth Avenue and the Madison Square green rooms are nothing but boxes. Wallack's and the Bijou have never possessed the commodity. The lobby and the dressing room have usurped the place of the ancient institution. So most of the talk about 'green room gossip' is a myth."

I see that my friend Theodore Child has been studying the ballet girl of Paris before and behind the scenes, and here is the picture he draws of her:

"Her toilet at last completed, the dancer is as pretty as she can be, and she is pretty for only about one hour out of the twenty-four, the hour during which she appears in the foyer before executing her steps on the stage. The spectator in the stalls, especially if he possess the artless enthusiasm of inexperience, forms strange ideas about ballet dancers, especially about the 'stars.' Seeing them only in the brilliancy of the foot-lights, fresh, ardent, exuberant with apparent youth and pleasure, he is inclined to imagine that

their destiny is romantic and facile, and that they continue in real life the factitious splendor of their stage existence."

"Now let us view the ballet from behind the scenes. Here is a danseuse who, with radiant smiles, passes from the foyer, dashes on to the stage, which she traverses in four revolving leaps, executes a pas between the footlights, salutes the public most winningly amid a thunder of applause, and turns to walk up the stage toward the wings. And the moment that her back is turned to the public the smile vanishes, her face becomes serious, her features are grimacing and drawn with fatigue, and as she passes us we see that she is pausing for breath and bathed in perspiration. And by the time she has finished dancing she will be so worn out that she will scarcely have strength enough left to crawl up stairs to her dressing room, where she will need to be rubbed down and tended like an overtaxed racehorse. This is the reality, the reverse of the medal."

I met H. S. Hewitt, journalist and man about town, night before last at dinner. He is the individual, as you may not remember, who wrote the song "It's English, You Know," for Dixey, and brought him much fame and considerable fortune.

Hewitt is a good talker. "Have you ever stopped to think," said he, stroking his blonde beard, "that Tony Pastor has been singing songs for upwards of thirty years? Singing songs in public for over a quarter of a century! Just think of it! No one else has done it. Tony Pastor has been singing local ditties all that time. Yesterday he trotted forth a verse or two about the boodlers. A little less than twenty-five years ago he had something to say about the draft riots. A few years ago the versatile Pastor sung of Grecian bends with chignons, as he now warbles of high hats and sealskin saccos. The disappearance of Billy Maloney was his theme a year or eighteen months ago. Fifteen years ago it was the missing Charley Ross. There has not been in all these years an important change in the fashions, either among men or women, tending either to tight trousers or pull-back dresses; there has not been a social or political change of any importance which has not been alluded to by Tony Pastor, of the grey top coat and the high hat, in ballad, song and madrigal. Pastor once told me that he remembers the ditties he sang twenty, thirty years ago, better than he does his more recent ones. One of the earliest songs of Pastor was entitled 'Things which I don't like to see,' and it had a big run. By the way, I suppose one of the things you don't like to see is a man who tells you chestnutty yarns, so I'll let up. Take a charette?"

"He was so drunk," said Col. Milliken of a certain actor the other night, "that when he came home from the club he tried to open a postal card to see who it was from!"

ROSEN.

THE GAZETTE BEATS THEM ALL.

Many letters have been received by the publisher of the POLICE GAZETTE recently commenting on the marked improvement which the writers have noticed in the GAZETTE during the past few weeks. We are not surprised at these expressions of approval on the part of the friends and patrons of the GAZETTE, since special pains have been taken recently to add to the numerous attractions of this journal and to improve the character of its illustrations and the general work involved in the make up of the publication in all departments—engraving, typography, press work, etc. This has not only been noticed by our friends, but it has largely increased the circulation of the GAZETTE.

Fully appreciating the importance of the subject, the publisher of the GAZETTE has been tireless in his efforts to spread before the public the fullest details regarding the great battle between John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell. Pending the arrangements for the same the illustrations which appeared from time to time in the GAZETTE were gotten up with a degree of elaboration and magnificence not equalled by any other sporting journal.

Another very marked feature of the GAZETTE lately has been its racy dramatic articles. They are from the pen of one of the brightest dramatic writers in the country, and each week bristle with witty and humorous gossip and incidents about prominent people connected with the stage. This feature alone is worth the price of the GAZETTE. Having made the marked improvements mentioned, it is not purposed to cease further efforts to make the GAZETTE excel all other publications in its line. On the contrary, every improvement will be made, from time to time, that may suggest itself.

PERILS OF TRAVEL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On another page we picture one of the scenes of the railroad accident which took place near Blackshear, Ga., on March 17, when the first section of the West India express from New York fell through a trestle which spans Hurricane creek. Our artist shows that portion of the wreck in which George Gould, son of Jay Gould, and his wife, formerly Miss Edith Kingdom, the beautiful actress, were found. Mr. Gould being in the act of extricating his charming wife from the debris. Only one person was killed in Mr. Gould's car, and he and Mrs. Gould escaped with nothing more serious than a few slight bruises.

The valuable whip offered by Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, as a trophy to go to the jockey who rode the largest number of winning mounts during the season of 1887, has been completed and is now on exhibition at Mr. Fox's office. It is of silver and gold, and is to be given to Jimmy McLaughlin, the Dwyer Brothers' famous jockey, who succeeded in getting ahead of "Snapper" Garrison just before the close of the season. The presentation will be made on a day yet to be decided upon, probably at the Academy of Music. Lawyer Hummel will make the presentation speech. The handle of the whip is surmounted by a locket in the shape of a horseshoe studded with rubies. The locket contains pictures of the donor and the jockey. The locket is again surmounted by a gold box head with diamond eyes. The trophy cost \$1,000. Jockey McLaughlin inspected it yesterday and was much pleased with it. —N. Y. Daily News, March 11.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 8th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

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"Before I became press agent connected with Corinne," remarked Mr. Wagstaffe to me the other day. "I was a newspaper man. In the course of my work I once had occasion to look up the subject of green rooms. Do you know that this ancient institution is almost extinct in New York? Actors and actresses prefer to get ready to face the audiences in their dressing rooms. The origin of the institution of the green room, Manager Frohman told me, came about from the necessity actors and actresses formerly had for a room where they might obtain rest for the eyes after the strain upon them caused by the glare of chandelier and gaslight. The room was then furnished with a dark green tapestry which gave a welcome change to the glare and glitter on the stage; hence the title 'green room.' The Lyceum, Casino and Grand Opera House have, in my opinion, the best equipped green rooms in town. The Fifth Avenue and the Madison Square green rooms are nothing but boxes. Wallack's and the Bijou have never possessed the commodity. The lobby and the dressing room have usurped the place of the ancient institution. So most of the talk about 'green room gossip' is a myth."

I see that my friend Theodore Child has been studying the ballet girl of Paris before and behind the scenes, and here is the picture he draws of her:

"Her toilet at last completed, the dancer is as pretty as she can be, and she is pretty for only about one hour out of the twenty-four, the hour during which she appears in the foyer before executing her steps on the stage. The spectator in the stalls, especially if he possess the artless enthusiasm of inexperience, forms strange ideas about ballet dancers, especially about the 'stars.' Seeing them only in the brilliancy of the foot-lights, fresh, ardent, exuberant with apparent youth and pleasure, he is inclined to imagine that

their destiny is romantic and facile, and that they continue in real life the factitious splendor of their stage existence."

"Now let us view the ballet from behind the scenes. Here is a danseuse who, with radiant smiles, passes from the foyer, dashes on to the stage, which she traverses in four revolving leaps, executes a pas between the footlights, salutes the public most winningly amid a thunder of applause, and turns to walk up the stage toward the wings. And the moment that her back is turned to the public the smile vanishes, her face becomes serious, her features are grimacing and drawn with fatigue, and as she passes us we see that she is pausing for breath and bathed in perspiration. And by the time she has finished dancing she will be so worn out that she will scarcely have strength enough left to crawl up stairs to her dressing room, where she will need to be rubbed down and tended like an overtaxed racehorse. This is the reality, the reverse of the medal."

I met H. S. Hewitt, journalist and man about town, night before last at dinner. He is the individual, as you may not remember, who wrote the song "It's English, You Know," for Dixey, and brought him much fame and considerable fortune.

Hewitt is a good talker. "Have you ever stopped to think," said he, stroking his blonde beard, "that Tony Pastor has been singing songs for upwards of thirty years? Singing songs in public for over a quarter of a century! Just think of it! No one else has done it. Tony Pastor has been singing local ditties all that time. Yesterday he trotted forth a verse or two about the boodlers. A little less than twenty-five years ago he had something to say about the draft riots. A few years ago the versatile Pastor sung of Grecian bends with chignons, as he now warbles of high hats and sealskin saccos. The disappearance of Billy Maloney was his theme a year or eighteen months ago. Fifteen years ago it was the missing Charley Ross. There has not been in all these years an important change in the fashions, either among men or women, tending either to tight trousers or pull-back dresses; there has not been a social or political change of any importance which has not been alluded to by Tony Pastor, of the grey top coat and the high hat, in ballad, song and madrigal. Pastor once told me that he remembers the ditties he sang twenty, thirty years ago, better than he does his more recent ones. One of the earliest songs of Pastor was entitled 'Things which I don't like to see,' and it had a big run. By the way, I suppose one of the things you don't like to see is a man who tells you chestnutty yarns, so I'll let up. Take a charette?"

"He was so drunk," said Col. Milliken of a certain actor the other night, "that when he came home from the club he tried to open a postal card to see who it was from!"

ROSEN.

THE GAZETTE BEATS THEM ALL.

Many letters have been received by the publisher of the POLICE GAZETTE recently commenting on the marked improvement which the writers have noticed in the GAZETTE during the past few weeks. We are not surprised at these expressions of approval on the part of the friends and patrons of the GAZETTE, since special pains have been taken recently to add to the numerous attractions of this journal and to improve the character of its illustrations and the general work involved in the make up of the publication in all departments—engraving, typography, press work, etc. This has not only been noticed by our friends, but it has largely increased the circulation of the GAZETTE.

Fully appreciating the importance of the subject, the publisher of the GAZETTE has been tireless in his efforts to spread before the public the fullest details regarding the great battle between John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell. Pending the arrangements for the same the illustrations which appeared from time to time in the GAZETTE were gotten up with a degree of elaboration and magnificence not equalled by any other sporting journal.

Another very marked feature of the GAZETTE lately has been its racy dramatic articles. They are from the pen of one of the brightest dramatic writers in the country, and each week bristle with witty and humorous gossip and incidents about prominent people connected with the stage. This feature alone is worth the price of the GAZETTE. Having made the marked improvements mentioned, it is not purposed to cease further efforts to make the GAZETTE excel all other publications in its line. On the contrary, every improvement will be made, from time to time, that may suggest itself.

PERILS OF TRAVEL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On another page we picture one of the scenes of the railroad accident which took place near Blackshear, Ga., on March 17, when the first section of the West India express from New York fell through a trestle which spans Hurricane creek. Our artist shows that portion of the wreck in which George Gould, son of Jay Gould, and his wife, formerly Miss Edith Kingdom, the beautiful actress, were found. Mr. Gould being in the act of extricating his charming wife from the debris. Only one person was killed in Mr. Gould's car, and he and Mrs. Gould escaped with nothing more serious than a few slight bruises.

The valuable whip offered by Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, as a trophy to go to the jockey who rode the largest number of winning mounts during the season of 1887, has been completed and is now on exhibition at Mr. Fox's office. It is of silver and gold, and is to be given to Jimmy McLaughlin, the Dwyer Brothers' famous jockey, who succeeded in getting ahead of "Snapper" Garrison just before the close of the season. The presentation will be made on a day yet to be decided upon, probably at the Academy of Music. Lawyer Hummel will make the presentation speech. The handle of the whip is surmounted by a locket in the shape of a horseshoe studded with rubies. The locket contains pictures of the donor and the jockey. The locket is again surmounted by a gold box head with diamond eyes. The trophy cost \$1,000. Jockey McLaughlin inspected it yesterday and was much pleased with it. —N. Y. Daily News, March 11.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 8th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

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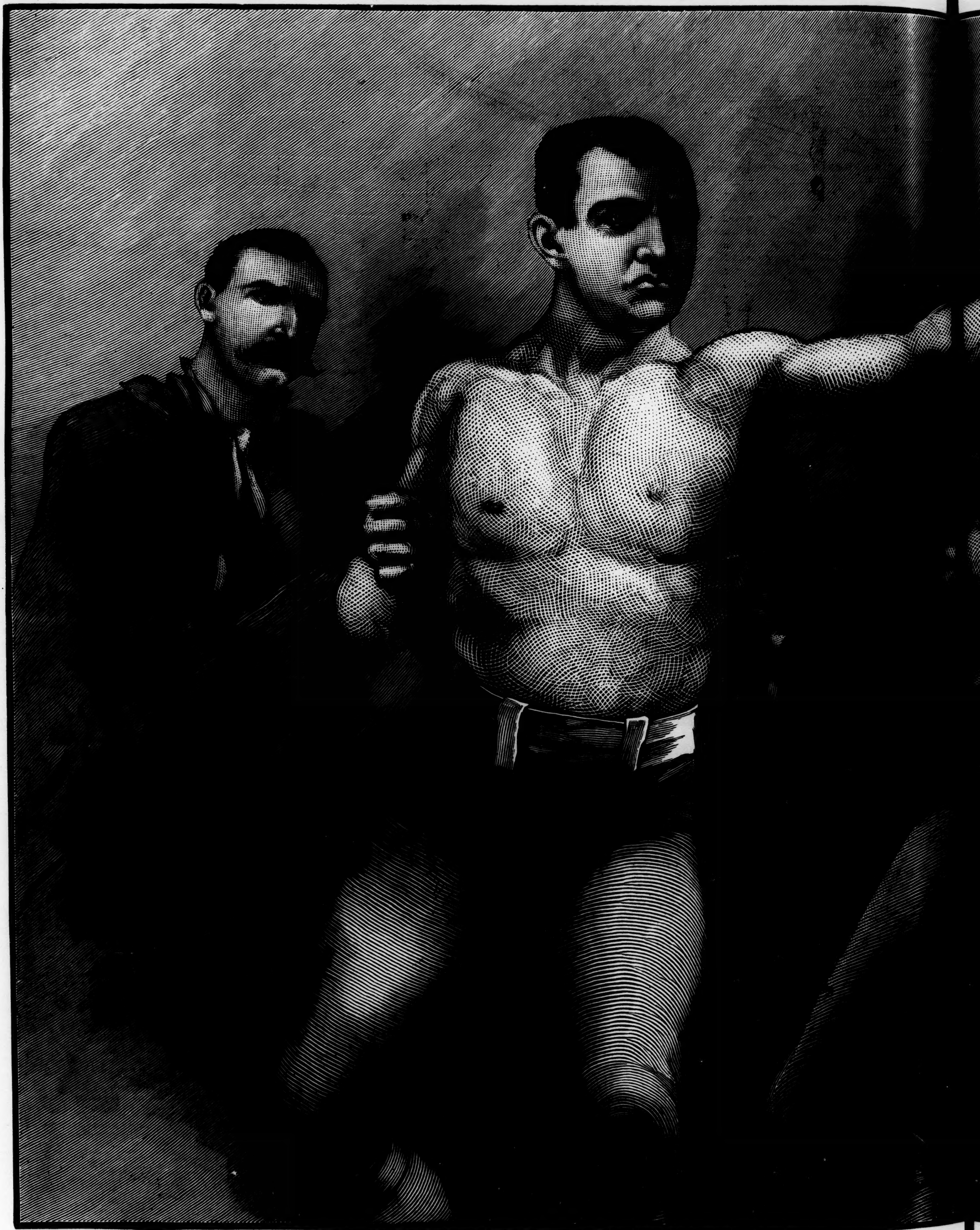
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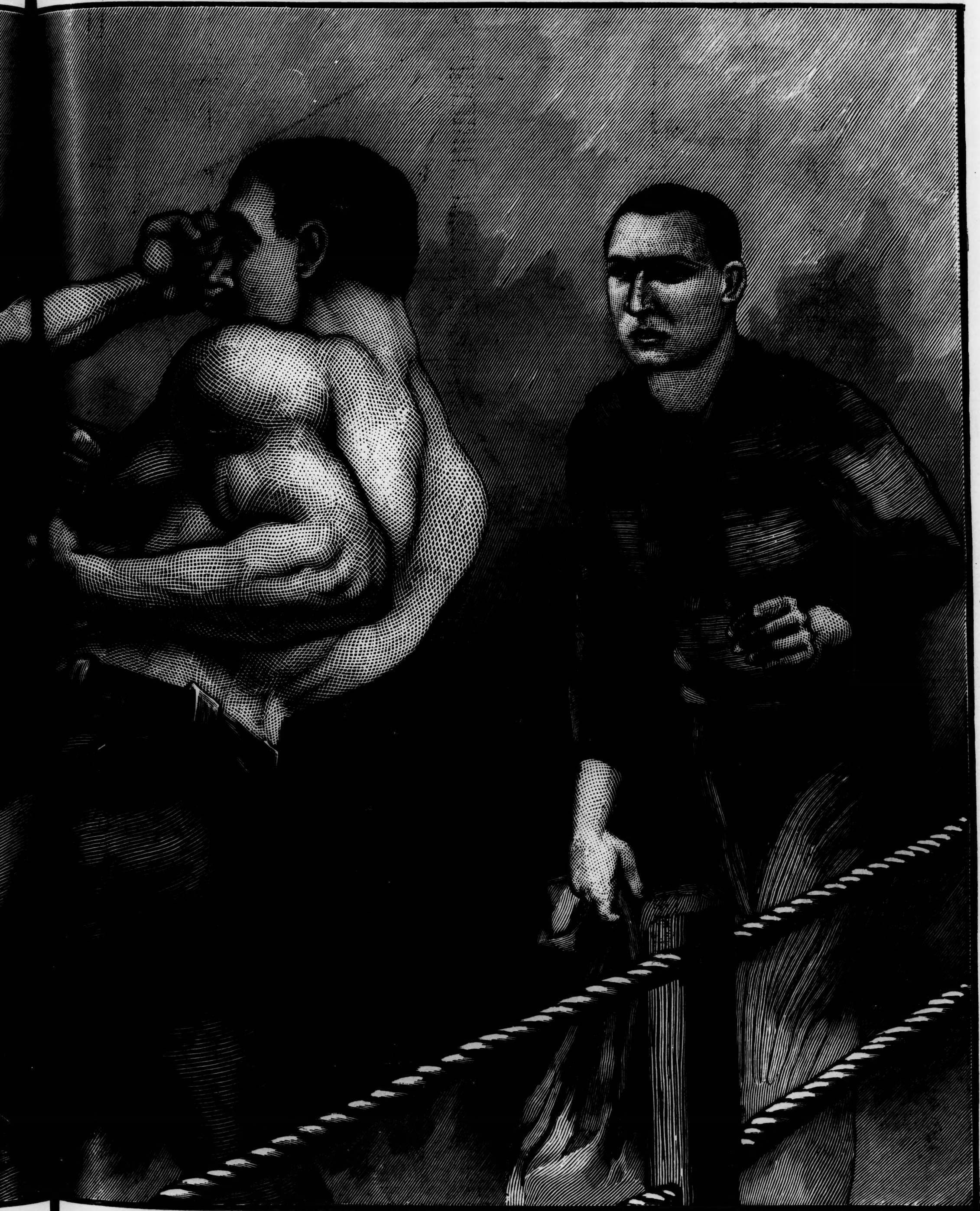
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**THOSE LEFT-HANDERS OF NIMBLE**  
THE PLUCKY ENGLISH CHAMPION BOXER, IN THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL PRIZE FI





LE CARLEY WERE PERFECT STUNNERS.

ZE FI BETWEEN HIM AND BIG JOHN L., THE BOSTON SLUGGER, DRAWS FIRST BLOOD.



## THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity  
and Woman's Worse  
Than Weakness.



Ida Herman.

Ida Herman was a few days ago convicted at Milwaukee, Wis., of enticing a young girl into an immoral place, and sentenced to a year in the bridewell. Her picture appears above.

## TWO TRAGEDIES.

A. Williams, Sen., and Thomas Thompson quarreled over a trivial matter near Pikeville, Ky., when Williams struck Thompson with an axe, beheading him. Williams was arrested and jailed. On the same day, near Powell's Mills, same county, Harrison Blackburn was shot from ambush by an unknown assassin, and received wounds from the effects of which he will die. The weapon used was a shotgun. No clew.

## MITCHELL'S LEFT-HANDED STUNNERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Our double-page illustration this week represents a very interesting scene in the late international prize fight between big John L. Sullivan, the Boston boy, and little Charley Mitchell, the English champion boxer. Mitchell is in the act of planting a stinging left-hander on the right eye of the American slugger with stunning effect. This clever performance of Mitchell took place in the eighth round.

## TAKEN IN BY GENDARMES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Our front page this week portrays the arrest of the Sullivan-Mitchell party by French police after the great battle between the two pugilists at Chantilly. The pugilists and their seconds and backers were taken to Senlis, where the police court of the Chantilly district is situated. The gendarmes were armed with revolvers and carbines, and great precautions were taken to prevent the prisoners from escaping.

## DROPPED SIXTY FEET.

John Sheridan, an employee on the Missouri and Kansas bridge at Leavenworth, Kan., while crossing that structure, stepped off the edge and fell sixty feet to the water below, which is very shallow. When he recovered consciousness he found that his left arm was broken below the elbow, and, although badly shaken up, managed to crawl to the bank, where he remained all night. He was found by the carpenters and taken to camp. The broken arm and a few bruises were the only apparent injuries he sustained.

## AN UNKNOWN ASSASSIN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A man named Uriah Buskirk, a well known citizen and a man of considerable means, was standing in the parlor of the Dejaunette hotel at Logan Court House, W. Va., recently, engaged in conversation with Mrs. Dejaunette, wife of the proprietor, when a shot was heard on the porch, the glass in one of the parlor windows was shattered, and Buskirk fell to the floor and died in a moment. He had been shot through the heart. Parties were at once scattered over the country in search of the murderer, but no trace of him could be found.

## MURDERED HIS FAMILY.

The post mortem examination into the death of Annie M. Warren, who died under suspicious circumstances at Benton, Me., Sunday night, resulted in finding that she came to her death from injuries received at the hands of her husband, Darius M. Warren, who has been arrested. He asked to see his two daughters, Annie, aged eight years, and Cora, aged three. He was led into their chamber by the officer, and, pulling a revolver from his sleeve, shot the elder girl through the forehead, the younger in the back and himself through the heart. All are dead except the youngest child, who will die.

## SHEDDING BLOOD TO SETTLE A QUARREL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For a long time a bitter rivalry has existed between Rufus Kittrell and Ferris Ernestine, small merchants of New Era, West Tennessee. The men have often quarreled and threatened each other's lives, but nothing had come of it, though Kittrell was a desperate man, and within the past twenty years has in one way and another killed seven men, always escaping punishment. Wednesday evening the two men met on the street, and renewed their quarrel, which quickly became a fight. Friends of each joined in and the fight became a battle that surged up and down the little street with bloody results. Pistols and revolvers came into use and a rain of lead drove all but the participants indoors. The struggle lasted some time, and ended only when the Ernestines were driven to their

store, where they barricaded themselves. When the battle was over it was found that Rufus Kittrell and Ferris Ernestine, the principals, were dead, as was also Jack Higgins, a friend of the latter. Both sides are determined, and more bloodshed is expected.

## FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Cashier Tomlinson, of the Bradford (Pa.) National Bank, was recently fatally shot by a burglar, who entered the bank while the clerks were engaged at their desks, and advancing to the cashier's window, demanded in a loud tone to be admitted within the rail, at the same time showing a revolver to intimidate the cashier and clerks. The cashier looked at him calmly and replied in a slightly sarcastic tone: "Put that pistol away; you cannot frighten anyone here." "You don't scare worth a cent," acquiesced the man, as he turned slowly from the window. When he reached a point about midway between the desks of the exchange and discount clerks he suddenly turned, and, making a spring, pistol in hand, he cleared the railing with an agile bound and stood among the eight astonished and frightened clerks, who, after a second's deliberation, made a simultaneous bolt for the rear of the bank. Looking coolly about him the bold robber espied a pile of \$223, a cash deposit which had been recently made. This he had stowed away in his pocket, when Cashier Tomlinson, who had not joined the stampede of his clerks, grappled with him. Desperately they struggled, the one for his freedom and the other for the safety of his trust. Suddenly there was a sharp report and a little puff of smoke circled up about the swaying figures. With a groan Mr. Tomlinson released his hold upon the robber and sunk to the floor, the blood pouring from a wound just above the left hip. The burglar then fled, but was pursued by citizens and police. Seeing that his capture was certain, the burglar put the revolver to his head and fired. He died in ten minutes. He was identified as George A. Kimball.

## A WALL STREET SWELL EMULATES JOHN L.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

An extraordinary series of scrapping matches took place recently at the Hoffman house bar, this city, in which a group of well-known actors tried fistic conclusions with several prominent society men. Howard Burroughs, famous in Wall street and as leader of Germans, approached Nat Goodwin, who was leaning against the desk at the Hoffman, and informed him that he was going to whip him. Goodwin protested, but Burroughs struck him a blow in the mouth, whereupon Goodwin retreated to the barroom. There he joined a party consisting of Herbert Kelcey, Bob Hilliard, Jack Mason, Maurice Barrymore, Glenny, of Irving's company; Creston Clarke, of Philadelphia; Sidney Howard and others.

As the swell approached to renew the assault on Goodwin "Bob" Hilliard rushed in and hit Burroughs a staggering blow full upon the mouth. Burroughs was reinforced by a dandish looking slugger, who struck out like a thoroughbred.

The actors closed in on the two swells, and pretty soon there was a regular rough-and-tumble fight. Hats, coats and canes flew about, and a mass of Thespians fell in confusion on the swells. Billy Edwards and Fred Loud separated the combatants at length, but not until Nat Goodwin had managed to hit Burroughs on the head with a bell which he snatched from one of the tables.

Burroughs was hustled out of the hotel into a sled, and hurried up Fifth avenue to his apartments.

## THE PRISON'S GHOST.

The Jefferson county jail, Birmingham, Ala., probably holds more Christian negroes than any jail in the country, and, instead of worldly songs and curses as of old, the visitor now hears prayers and songs of praise. The reformation of the majority of the 150 colored prisoners is due to the ghost of George Williams, who was jerked to death on Dec. 23 last. George was hanged for the murder of a fellow-convict at Pratt mines. The scaffold for the hanging of Williams was erected in the jail yard, immediately under the windows of the upper floor of the jail. The hanging was witnessed by as many of the prisoners as could crowd around the small iron-barred windows. The sight impressed them deeply, and many of them, hardened criminals as they were, turned away with a shudder. The gallows was left standing, as it will probably be needed again in the near future, and the fatal rope noose and all, still dangles from the arm.

A few nights after the hanging several negro prisoners were standing at one of the jail windows and looking down at the scaffold. As the city hall bell ceased tolling the hour of midnight they saw the dark-robed form of George Williams ascend the scaffold and again stand on the fatal trap. Invisible hands drew the black cap over his face and adjusted the noose. A moment later the terrified watchers heard the regulation dull thud, and the body of George was again dangling from the scaffold. There was a howl of terror from the prisoners which aroused every inmate of the jail, and for a time pandemonium reigned. It is said that this weird scene is witnessed nightly in the jail.

## ASSAULTED BY ROBBERS.

The bridge-keeper and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Buff, of Columbia, S. C., who are both seventy years of age, were viciously attacked by two men and Buff was beaten unconscious with a club and his wife was knocked down and fearfully beaten. John Felton, a colored man, who lived on the place, had his throat cut and was killed. The murderers were intent on robbing Buff of several hundred dollars in toll money supposed to be in the house. After robbing the place the murderers saturated the bedding and floor with kerosene oil, set the house on fire and fled. They would have been burned had not Mrs. Buff recovered consciousness and escaped from the house, a passer-by saving Buff from the flames. It is not believed that he will recover, and his aged wife is in a very precarious condition. Wm. Johnson, a white man, has been placed in jail on suspicion.

## LYNCING AN OUTLAW.

John Henry Skinner, alias Cox, an outlaw, was taken from the county jail at Hopkinsville, Ky., at 2:15 o'clock on Tuesday morning last by an orderly mob of 200 men, armed with Winchester rifles, and hanged to a tree two miles west of the town, near by the spot where, in pure wantonness, he shot down B. F. Fourquess on the night of Nov. 18, 1887.

The jailer was compelled to unlock the cell, when three of the men rushed in with guns cocked. Skinner, who was lying down, quickly took in the situation, and coolly asked time to put on his clothes. This was granted him.

He was taken out and placed in a spring wagon, which was driven under the tree. The rope was adjusted, the team started, and the man's body left dangling in the air.

Skinner was a bad character and an ex-convict.

## BANDIT BERNAL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The State Department at Washington, D. C., is in receipt of the details of the pursuit by Mexican troops and final killing of the notorious bandit, Eracilio Bernal, the slayer of Leon Baldwin, for whose death his widow is now pressing a claim for indemnity against the Mexican Government. The story of the life and death of this remarkable robber is romantic in the extreme. He was born thirty-eight years ago in the State of Sinaloa, Mex., and during his early manhood bore the reputation of an industrious and law-abiding citizen. Twelve years ago he was arrested and convicted of a crime of which he was afterwards proved innocent.

Smarting with shame and humiliation, he seized a desperate chance and effected his escape from prison. He then swore a solemn oath that his future career would amply revenge the wrongs he had suffered, and that if again imprisoned it would be for a good cause. He left the villages behind him and lay in hiding in the mountains until he had gathered about him as wild and lawless a band of cut-throats as ever followed a desperate leader. Bernal's great stature, perfect ignorance of fear, and a rude but keen sense of justice, made him at once admired and respected by the villains with whom he had surrounded himself. He set out at once upon a systematic career of pillage and violence, at first confining himself to waylaying stage coaches, robbing the passengers and killing those who offered resistance. Growing bolder as his band became larger, he descended upon outlying hamlets and often laid whole villages under contribution, carrying off by force everything that was denied him. Bernal's portrait appears on another page.

## CAUGHT IN THE BLIZZARD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Marion Giroux, one of the principals in E. E. Rice's new opera company, now playing in this city, had a narrow escape from death during the recent blizzard. Miss Giroux started out to return home from a rehearsal at the theatre on Tuesday. A keen, biting wind blew down Sixth avenue, driving clouds of icy snow dust before it. Very soon, in spite of her wraps, her muff and her gloves, Miss Giroux became thoroughly chilled. Feeling that she was rapidly becoming numbed with the cold, she turned down a side street and sought the shelter of a convenient doorway. At the same time a cab turned the corner and floundered through the snow in her direction. By waving her muff the now half-frozen actress caught the cabby's attention, and drawing a ten-dollar bill from her pocket she offered it to him in return for transportation to her home, some fifteen blocks distant. The cabby replied with a sarcastic laugh that he had a better fare inside and drove on.

After spending half an hour in waiting for another cab to put in an appearance Miss Giroux stepped out from the doorway and made another start for her residence. She reached the curbstone, reeled and fell senseless in a snowdrift. At the same moment a gust of wind swept down the street, and when it passed the form of the prostrate actress was blended with the surrounding snow. Fortunately she was discovered almost immediately and taken to a neighboring drug store, where the administration of restoratives revived her.

## "THERE, TAKE THAT."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A few evenings ago a pretty girl was leisurely promenading down Fourteenth street, this city, on the arm of a fine looking gentleman with black side whiskers and hair streaked with gray. The girl was a brunette and the gayest of all the pedestrians. She didn't mind the rain a bit and laughed and joked with her elderly escort. They walked on unconcerned. Suddenly a woman left a coupe, standing near by, holding in her hand a silver-headed riding whip. Her eyes were fixed on the dark-haired girl and she was behind her in a few steps. She lifted the whip and down it came on the girl's shoulders.

"There!" cried the woman, "there! take that, and here's another and another."

Down came the merciless whip again, the second time on the girl's head. The girl screamed with pain, and cried: "Save me, Howland, save me from her!" At the same time she flung herself at the feet of her escort in her endeavors to shield herself from the whip. The man and pretty girl slunk away, and the enraged wife went back to the coupe and was driven home.

## DEATH IN THE TOY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

An unfortunate tragedy recently occurred at Louisville, Ky. Mrs. Edenburg has two interesting children, four and six years of age. She left them playing together in the nursery while she attended to her household affairs. Returning in a short time, she found that her oldest child had secured a Smith & Wesson revolver, which had been carelessly placed in a bureau drawer, and with the younger baby was playing with it. Horrified at the danger of the children, she rushed to them, and in an effort to get it away the weapon was accidentally discharged, the ball taking effect in the body of the little four-year-old girl, who fell back on the floor writhing in blood. Dr. Grant was hastily called, but before his arrival the child had ceased breathing and lay upon the carpet a lifeless corpse.

## A SCHOOL ROOM TRAGEDY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mr. Davenport, teacher of the public school at Rome, Miss., expelled one or two pupils recently. Friends of the teacher, on the one hand, and those of the expelled parties on the other, met at the school house Monday afternoon. After matters were thought to be satisfactorily arranged, some difficulty occurred. James Bailey, Jr., fired six charges from his pistol, instantly killing B. A. Rutledge and fatally wounding his son Edward.

## THE RECOGNIZED AUTHORITY.

The *Louth Times*, of Kansas, says: "The *POLICE GAZETTE* is a recognized authority on all sporting matters."

## TO NERVOUS MEN.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Drexel's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effects upon the nervous debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor, manhood and health. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on trial.

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who  
Find Pictorial Fame in  
These Columns.



I. C. Felts

Is the sheriff of Columbia county, this State. He was born in Hudson, forty-three years ago. This is his first political position. Never a seeker after political preference, the place was forced upon him by his friends as a reward for his many sterling qualities. In honoring the man, they remembered it was honoring their town, and they are proud people, these "Hudsonites."

## Albert Mowbry.

On another page we publish a portrait of Albert Mowbry, of Faulkner county, Ark., who was recently sentenced to five years imprisonment for killing Tom Middleton.

## Frederick Anschlag.

Perhaps a more cold-blooded crime was never committed than the murder of a farmer named Charles B. Hitchcock and his wife near Los Angeles, Cal., by Frederick Anschlag, whose portrait appears on another page. Anschlag was recently convicted of this atrocious deed and sentenced to suffer the death penalty on April 13 next.

## Fernand B. Poupart.

Whose portrait appears on another page, was until recently confidential clerk of the treasurer of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange. He, together with a clerk, George Penser, recently absconded after stealing and pledging with the banks of New Orleans \$30,500 of securities. Five hundred dollars are offered for the arrest and detention of either Poupart or Penser.

## James Phillips.

The trial of James Phillips, of Springfield, Mo., for the murder of Mrs. W. H. Clarkson, terminated with a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree, and a sentence of ten years in the Penitentiary. The murder was committed June 13, 1887. Mrs. Clarkson, whose husband worked in a flouring mill, was a paramour of Phillips, but urged him to quit coming to her house, which, according to the evidence, enraged him so that he shot and killed her.

## Johnny Beall.

The closing scene in the horrible Beall murder, that occurred on the afternoon of last June 13th at Eaton, Ohio, was recently enacted at that place by the appearance of John A. Beall, aged thirteen years, in court, to retract his plea of not guilty to murder in the first degree, and enter a plea of guilty to murder in the second in the killing of his mother, Mrs. Nancy Beall, aged fifty-one years. The latter plea was accepted. Beall's portrait appears on another page.

## Jake and Charley.

Two illustrious exponents of the prize ring are portrayed on our sporting page this week. One is Jake Kilrain, holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, representing the heavy-weight championship of the world; the other is the English champion boxer, Charley Mitchell, whose stamina in standing up before John L. Sullivan, the big Boston slugger, for over three hours in his late encounter with the latter at Chantilly, France, has made him famous throughout the world. Kilrain's portrait is from a recent photograph, which gives it an additional interest at this time.

## FORTUNATE TICKET HOLDERS.

Some three or four months ago a party working in the lumber camp of Wm. Coach, on the Sturgeon river, clubbed together and ordered 31 tenth tickets in the Louisiana State Lottery. The money was sent by express and not with the order. When the order arrived at New Orleans, the money not being found, it was laid aside, and afterward lost. When the money arrived it was charged on the books, but the order having been forgotten, no tickets were sent. Early in February Mr. Coach, while in New Orleans, took the opportunity to inquire after the missing money, and the matter was promptly explained by the company and the money offered him. This Mr. Coach declined to accept, but took tickets instead, among them being a tenth of ticket No. 71,575. As is now well known here, this ticket drew the first capital prize of \$150,000, giving to the fortunate possessors of this the tenth handsome sum of \$15,000 to be divided among them.

Mr. Coach, to whose foresight they are indebted for their good fortune, has taken charge of the matter, and it will be divided among them in proportion to the amount invested.

There were sixteen in the club, the tickets being sent to Geo. J. Johnson, of Baraga, one of the number. Three of the holders were of one family, being John Bodwein, his wife and child. Mr. Bodwein thus secures a good share of the prize. Mr. Coach negotiated the purchase of a house for him this week in Baraga, and he has commenced the erection of another house upon the lots. The money is going to do good in each case.—*L'Anse (Mich.) Sentinel*, March 3.



## REFEREE.

Sullivan's Empty Title  
to the "Champion of  
Champions."

## THE "POLICE GAZETTE" TROPHY.

I do not want to be flattered: neither do I want to be placed on the record as a pugilistic prophet, but the million readers of this column, especially the last issue, must say that, from the time Sullivan and Mitchell went into training up to the day the battle was fought, my prognostication about the match was authentic, truthful and correct, in spite of the reverse reports written about the affair by scribes who were either prejudiced or did not know what they were talking about.

I said Mitchell would agree to the referee, would enter the ring and would place no impediment in the way to prevent his meeting Sullivan. In these columns on Feb. 4 I said: "Mitchell will be a more formidable opponent for Sullivan than when they met in the glove contest at Madison Square Garden, and Capt. Williams interfered while Mitchell was sitting on the hard boards of the platform. Mitchell went through a course of training with Kilrain at Westgate-on-Sea, England, when, in conjunction with Charley Rowell, he trained the American champion for his battle with Smith. He has increased his physical development, and on Jan. 4, at London, while weighing, he tipped the scale at 175 pounds."

Again, on March 9, I said: "Mitchell is a scientific boxer and an expert wrestler. Since his first visit to the United States he proved that he possessed all the necessary qualifications so essential to make a first-class pugilist. His courage no one can deny, for when a mere youth and only weighing 145 pounds in condition, he agreed to meet John L. Sullivan in the orthodox 24-foot ring, and when the latter refused to ever again battle unless gloves were used, Mitchell agreed to meet the great Boston boxer at his own style of boxing or knocking out."

"Mitchell did enter the arena and face the Leviathan of the fist arena, and was not eager to assume the defensive tactics; but the champion of England, which title Mitchell then held, forced the contest from the start and succeeded in knocking Sullivan down, although he weighed 200 pounds, while Mitchell's weight was 145 pounds."

"After the police stopped the battle, Mitchell was ready to go to some quiet and sequestered spot and have the question of supremacy decided without gloves in the orthodox fashion, or the way all genuine contests are decided, but the police prevented the rival boxers from carrying out their intentions."

"About two years later Mitchell and Sullivan were again matched to box, and Madison Square Garden, New York city, which had been the battle ground of their first meeting, was selected for them to again meet."

Just as I predicted, Mitchell did not flunk, but proved that he was everything that I said he would be. He did not win, but he was nearer to grasping the \$5,000 battle money than Sullivan; therefore every reader of this paper must now say that, after all, the POLICE GAZETTE always hits the nail square on the head. It had Mitchell's fighting abilities down to a nicety, while it had Sullivan's measure and pugilistic ability as a champion down to a very fine point, indeed.

By the way, at Liverpool Sullivan expressed himself as being too old to enter the ring, and said that he would confine his powers to sparring exhibitions and glove contests. Sullivan was born in October, 1858, and is only thirty years of age next October.

Jem Mace was forty when he defeated Tom Allen for \$3,000 and the championship of the world on May 10, 1870.

Joe Goss was an old man when he fought Paddy Ryan for \$2,000 and the championship of America. Consequently, as Sullivan is not yet in his prime, he cannot be too old to engage in prize ring encounters.

I do not think that there is anyone, not even the best judges of pugilism and its champions, but will now allow that Sullivan's title of "champion of champions" was only an empty title, which signified nothing but his own braggadocio. His battle with Mitchell proved beyond contradiction that he has been overrated, and sporting men who, from time to time, have called the POLICE GAZETTE to task simply because its proprietor repeatedly offered to match boxers against him, will now come to the conclusion that the POLICE GAZETTE and its proprietor was well aware that there was a link wanting in Sullivan's pugilistic chain.

At the time Richard K. Fox posted \$1,000 forfeit with the New York Clipper, and proposed to match the quiet, unpretentious Jake Kilrain against Sullivan for \$10,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world, in order to decide whether Sullivan was the "champion of champions," as his Sheedy manager had foolishly knighted him, many sporting men pool-pooled the idea of Kilrain having any chance of winning in a match with Sullivan. If those wise-aces had only spent a few moments in meditation they would have found that Richard K. Fox did not desire to match Kilrain to meet Sullivan in a glove contest with big pillows, such as the "champion of champions" had always engaged in except on one occasion, when he fought Ryan for the championship, London ring rules, and won.

After Sullivan refused to meet Kilrain, and the latter succeeded Sullivan to the championship by his (Sullivan's) default, no one for a moment would believe that Sullivan's failure to meet Kilrain was the first glimpse Sullivan got of a danger light, and that the star of the so-called "champion of champions" was fading.

Even after the "Police Gazette" champion was matched to meet Jem Smith, the champion of England, for \$1,000 and the championship of the world, one of the largest stakes that was ever fought for, Sullivan's followers did not see the danger signals, Kilrain and Mitchell, but sang Sullivan's praises and prophesied a victory for the English champion; and even Sullivan also gave his hand, influence and sympathy to the English champion, and publicly, in St. James Hall, London, stated that he wished Jem Smith would defeat the only genuine American champion, Jake Kilrain.

After the great battle was fought on Island St. Pierre, and Kilrain proved, in the presence of the best judges of pugilism in England and America, that he was the greatest pugilist ever seen in the 24-foot ring in three decades, neither Sullivan nor his followers and admirers would look at the danger light, but the big pugilist stated that neither Kilrain nor Smith were fighters, and that he (Sullivan) could whip Kilrain, Smith and Mitchell in one ring.

If the "champion of champions" could not conquer a pugilist not recognized champion, and also smaller in stature and less in weight than himself, how could anyone be so foolish as to suppose that he could defeat Jake Kilrain, the only American champion. It was Kilrain's determination, if Sullivan defeated Mitchell, to meet Sullivan, but not otherwise.

This was the danger light Sullivan and his followers failed to heed and the result was John Lawrence Sullivan, stated a champion of champions, met Charley Mitchell in a twenty-four foot ring and failed to subdue, knock out or conquer the latter for two reasons. First, because he was the Anglo-American's financial partner; secondly because Sullivan had abused both of them, and he knew Sullivan was not the prize

ring terror that many supposed him to be, and that by coaching and training he (Mitchell) stood an excellent chance of defeating the "champion of champions." "Why, I could lick the both of them in an hour," Sullivan often remarked. "You can bet they are two duffers."

Up to this time neither Sullivan nor his backers would be warned by the danger light which was beginning to flare in the distance. On Sullivan's return to London, Kilrain, who proved he was a champion, agreed to train and coach Mitchell, and the result is Mitchell practically gained the victory.

If Sullivan had stopped in the United States and not followed Kilrain, the POLICE GAZETTE champion, to England, simply because Kilrain had filled a contract which Sullivan had failed to fill—meet Jem Smith, the English champion—he would not have been dethroned from his high place as a boxer, and he would have heeded the danger light, and his pugilistic ship, which has been floating since 1882, would not have been wrecked.

Who will McCaffrey challenge, Sullivan, Mitchell, Kilrain, or Smith?

The St. Paul "Daily News," March 7, says: "Patsy Cardiff writes in reply to the challenge of Kilrain that he has made a partial arrangement to meet Jake Kilrain when he returns to this country." This statement is absurd. As a matter of fact the sporting editor of the Daily News, at the request of Kilrain, wrote to Richard K. Fox not many moons ago, in relation to a match between Kilrain and Mitchell. Mr. Fox stated that he was unable to arrange a match at that time, as Kilrain's future movements were uncertain, but as backer of the international champion, however, he would say that Kilrain should have the first chance at the champion on the latter's return to this country.

"Kilrain at that time had made no arrangements to meet any one in America, and in view of the recent letters which have been sent to this country by Kilrain, it would appear to the most unprejudiced that the only 'arrangement' Cardiff has with the champion is simply a creation of his own imagination, and exists only in the minds of himself and partner, Donaldson."

"Only last Saturday a letter from Kilrain to Fox was published in the Daily News in which the former stated positively that unless he could get on a fight with Sullivan for big stakes, he should retire from the ring. Another thing: What is there for Kilrain in a match with Cardiff? After journeying to England to fight for the world's championship, what reason would he have to meet Cardiff? Surely not for the money, for there are dozens of every-day pugilists like Cardiff who would draw equally as well, and it is not anticipated that Cardiff has serious ideas of fighting with hard gloves or by prize ring rules."

"Mitchell, Kilrain, and Pony Moore, the father-in-law of Mitchell, are coming to America in April, and it's dollars to doughnuts that the idea is to arrange a sparring tour over this country between the two pugilists, who will be managed by Moore. Even though Mitchell is defeated by Sullivan (as is confidently expected) he would draw larger houses in America with Kilrain than any other man, except Sullivan. After this tour both men will probably retire from the ring. In view of these facts and probabilities, it looks as though Cardiff was trying to crawl out of a very small hole, and unless he fights Kilrain his name will be 'Dennis' in the prize ring."

But Mitchell came nearer winning than being beaten, as was confidently expected, and with Kilrain the famous English boxer will be a greater drawing card than Sullivan.

Fred Stone, the well-known sprinter, is responsible for the following story now going the rounds, attacking the world's 100 yard record of 9.4 seconds made by Johnson at Cleveland: "Johnson was to receive \$25 for an attempt to break the record. The regular pistol-frer was removed, and Johnson asked Mr. Kittleman, the well-known sprinter, to fire the pistol, offering him \$15 of the \$25 if he would give him the 'bend' at the start, which every one recognizes as a good three yards start. Kittleman agreed, and, as a result, Johnson broke the record. I spoke to one of the timers, and he said: 'Yes, I held the watch, and Johnson did 9.4 seconds from the pistol shot. Johnson was doing about 10 1/4 seconds at that time.'"

While Stone's statements amount to nothing, they do both Johnson and the Cleveland Athletic Club, under whose auspices the record was made, injustice. It adds: "In the first place Fred Stone never saw the race in which Johnson broke the record, and was not in the city at the time. Professional runners are notoriously jealous of one another, and all have united in decrying the splendid performance of Johnson in this city on the occasion mentioned. The statements of the gentlemen connected with the Cleveland Athletic Club who had charge of the timing and starting that day cannot be contradicted by such 'fakirs' as Stone and his ilk."

"The Cleveland Club men were expert timers and good judges of sprinting. Every one of them united in declaring that the start was a fair one. Johnson received \$75 and his expenses for his work. True, Kittleman acted as pistol frer, but the regular pistol frer of the club, who has had years of experience in starting races, stood by his side and will swear that Johnson was on the mark when the pistol was fired. Anyway, the record goes, and the envious sprinters can howl in vain."

It is an open question who is the champion sprinter of the world. In England Hutchins is looked upon as invincible, while in this country Harry Bethune is classed the fastest runner that ever ran in spiked shoes for 75 or 100 yards. The latter has been sojourning at Los Angeles, Cal., and from what I have heard he recently ran 100 yards in 9 1/4 seconds, which, if true, equals the time said to have been made by George Seward, the American sprinter, at Hammersmith, England, in 1844.

I never believed that George Seward did make this time; not because of any prejudice, however, but simply from the fact that forty-four years have nearly elapsed since the great runner was credited with the performance, and with all the new improvement in training, etc., there have been no one to equal the performance, and yet there have been faster sprinters and many more than flourished when Seward is said to have run three hundred feet in three quarter seconds less than ten seconds.

But I must return to my text. Bethune's wonderful trial has gained him a host of backers, and George H. Clarkson and E. J. Phillips of Los Angeles offer to match him to run 100 yards, for \$5,000 a side, against Gent, Hutchins or any man in the world, so that there is a prospect of a great international race if English sporting men back up their opinion with money.

The investigation of Capt. B. S. Brown's alleged assertions regarding the Kentucky Derby of 1882, won by Apollo, took place at Louisville, Ky., on March 3. The evidence of numerous parties was heard, and the matter taken in charge by the Executive Committee of the Jockey Club. It is understood their report will exonerate the Dwyers, Captain Brown and Hughes, Cathcart & Watts, letting the blame of the controversy rest upon the reporter in Pittsburgh, who Captain Brown says misquoted him. McLaughlin says he rode Rummeye to the best of his ability to win. The books of Hughes, Cathcart & Watts were brought in, together with affidavits from the surviving partners, Hughes and Watts, and their bookkeeper, Bishop. The affidavits were to the effect that the losses on the two horses were near a standoff. Bishop's affidavit says the firm would have lost \$3,000 on Rummeye and Victoria and \$2,329 on Apollo, and the books bear out this assertion. Hughes and Watts both declare that they had hedged, so it was the same to them whichever horse won. All agree Apollo won on his merits. It was much ado about nothing.

The Philadelphia "Record" says: "Heavy-weight Sullivan having failed to 'do up' the Englishman, America's only hope is in the unbeaten middleweight, Jack Dempsey."

The "Sporting Life," London, says: "W. Reader having failed to cover Dave Burke's deposit of £10 to box for the championship, Burke will now assume the title of light-weight champion, but is still prepared to box Reader or anybody else in the world at 126 pounds for the championship and £100 or £200 a side. First come first served."

## LONDON LETTER

Dick Perrin and Harry  
Barnes' Glove  
Fight.

## FRIAR'S BALSAM AND THE DERBY

[SPECIAL COMMISSIONER OF THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

LONDON, March 7.—The great fist encounter between John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell, for a stake of £1,000 sterling, will probably be decided in La Belle France before this reaches you.

I am satisfied that Mitchell will fight the big, burly American, and, moreover, from what I have heard from Sullivan's headquarters at Windsor, Harry Bull, the stakeholder, is so disgusted with the American champion's way of training that he will not go to the battle ground. I have been informed by the best authority that Sullivan thinks Mitchell will not meet him in the ring, and if he does that he will beat him in a few rounds. This confidence (mark what I say) will either result in the American being dethroned from the high position he holds among the American public or in Mitchell winning. I judge from the fact that Sullivan is not training, but is spending his time in carousing at the Royal Adelaide, and that his most severe work is playing nap.

Of course every visitor to the Royal Adelaide is made to believe that the American was training, and his trainer would say Sullivan works like a "yoke of bullocks."

The Americans here are fairly crazy over their man, and offer to bet long odds that Mitchell will not enter the ring, but you know probably ere this letter reaches you whether they were correct or not in their ideas.

I have backed Mitchell to win, not because I think he is the best horse, but I am positive he has had the best preparation. Although the American has been stabled longer, he has done less hard work.

I was surprised when I was informed at the Blenheim a few nights ago that Sullivan said he would not have his mustache shaved off, and even sent the barber away when his trainer brought the tonsorial artist for that purpose.

McDonald said:

"Sullivan, it is better, lad, for thee to have yer mustache off," Sullivan said in reply: "Der you think so? Well, you can bet that duck (meaning Mitchell) will never land on my mouth, for while he is trying I'll knock him out with a punch."

In spite of his trainer's advice, he refused to have his mustache taken off.

In speaking about his engagement with Mitchell Sullivan said: "I'm not easy in my mind whether he really intends meeting me. But of one thing I am certain, and that is, if he gets in the ring and doesn't jump the ropes and clear out before the first round, why there will be a dead man sure, and Pony Moore will have to look for another son-in-law. Smith and his party have, as you see, sneaked off, and I really am afraid that I shall not have a chance to smash his snout."

The tenacious love of boxing in all Englishmen and its scientific practice has often been a subject of heated discussion, but though frequently and wantonly assailed from within and without in the past, held its own against all foes, and is at the present time the most popular of sports. Boxing is, to a certain extent, a law of peace, it teaches the use of nature's weapons, and discourages unfair means of attack; it prevents malicious retaliation, and enables men to employ fairly the advantages they naturally possess, furnished up by scientific knowledge. At the same time it prevents courage from degenerating into brutality, and secures men from the treachery and malignity of those whom they have offended. It is the real game of manhood to the mass, the first and most interesting of all sports. From what is occasionally brought to light it would appear that the "ring" is as pure as most branches of diversion, and purer than many. The dark days of cross deeds seem to have passed away, leaving but a faint odor behind.

As to the cant about deaths from prize fighting, like every other manly sport that is designed to exercise the limbs, to invigorate the body, and teach our population to look danger in the face undauntedly, games in which each strives for victory is attended occasionally by accidents and loss of life. Indeed, every game is attended with risk of limb, perhaps of existence, and it marks the character of Englishmen that they court peril for their own sake. Not a dozen lives in a century are lost in the prize ring, and when a fatal occurrence it is a subject of regret and sympathy, but of no general or widespread lamentation, nor worthy a general mourning or a fast, or worth weighing in the scale of its national utility, and indeed its nationality altogether—its in-rooted unquenchable nationality. Still, prize fights are, and always must be, illegal; they cannot well be otherwise, but the law on many occasions has wisely winked at them, and many of the most eminent judges regarded them with no disfavor, while Lord High Chancellor Loughborough, Judge Fortescue and Chief Justice Best were open advocates of pugilism. The Chief Justice at the Salisbury Assizes, 31st July, 1827, on coming to a charge of cutting and maiming, said:

"I cannot but express my regret that a knife should be found in the hands of an Englishman as an instrument of offensive quarrel. It was formerly the practice in this country when men fell out to fight as long as they could, and possibly do each other as much injury as could be inflicted by the skill and personal strength of the combatants, but they fought in a fair, open, and honorable manner; they took no cowardly advantages; they had no recourse to deadly instruments to procure superiority or to gratify revenge. Those who dare to desert that mode of defence which nature has given and time and custom almost sanctioned in this country, yet have chosen to adopt the foreign mode of employing instruments of this description against an opponent, must expect condign punishment." Concluding his address—"Gentlemen, the practice of boxing has often been the subject of discussion in this country. I must say that it seems to me a practice that may very advantageously be encouraged to a limited extent. I cannot but hope to see the old custom revived among the people of this country, as I consider the practice introduces a law of honor among the combatants which will effectually prevent the use of deadly weapons."

The following is a ditty they sing in the music halls here:

I want to be a pugilist,  
And with the pugilist stand;  
A champion belt around my waist,  
And a hard glove on my hand.  
I want to train like Sullivan,  
Eat mutton chops and slaw;  
I want to fight just four rounds,  
And make the fight a draw.

The recent international battle between Smith and Kilrain is still talked about. The morning after the fight the papers that were able to give an account of it, and those who could not or would not, characterized it as a brutal sport, that should be instantly suppressed by the strong arm of the law, and dilated on the shameful spectacle of two men hammering themselves beyond recognition. Now they take the cue from an American adventurer, and describe the whole thing as a "barney," a get up, a sham, neither man trying to hurt the other. If some of those gentlemen received one-fourth of the punishment either man received during the fight they would know for certain whether it was a "barney" or not.

In regard to the Derby, I think, judging by two-year-old form of last year, that Friar's Balsam should win both the Derby and Two Thousand Guineas, with Ayrshire and Hazlethatch next best. Of the Oaks "Aragar" says: "The course is the same as in the Derby; the subscription 50 sows, each half forfeit; the owner of the second to receive 300 sows; and the third to save stake; for three-year-old fillies, to carry 8 stone 10 pounds each. For the race of the present year there were 133 subscribers as against 143 last year, when Rev. d'Or won so handsomely from the outsiders, St. Helen and Freedom. The only fillies that ever won the Derby and Oaks were Eleanor, Blink Bonny and Shotover,

In 1801, 1857 and 1882 respectively, and perhaps there may be as great an interval before the feat is added to. According to public performance there can be little doubt of one filly standing out clear of her sex. This is Seabreeze, a strapping chestnut daughter of Isomony and St. Marguerite, whose name frequently cropped up in connection with Friar's Balsam and others. Thrice she had the misfortune to meet Friar's Balsam; twice she was second to him and once third. Her debut was made in the Fitzwilliam Plate at the Newmarket Craven meeting for which she started favorite, and finished third to Anarch and Her Majesty, though that this was her best form subsequent running contradicted. There were a lot behind, including Van Dieman's Land and Caerlaverock. At Ascot she came out in flying colors, and completely reversed the form with Anarch in the Thirty-fifth Ascot Biennial, which she won with great ease. Hark being second and Anarch third, with Van Dieman's Land, Spud and others behind. That was on the Tuesday, and on the Thursday she tried conclusions with Friar's Balsam in the New stakes. She was giving the Kingsclere colt 4 pounds, and ran a good race, but was beaten by three lengths at the finish, with Ayrshire, in receipt of 4 pounds, a bad third, Barizan and Simon Pure behind. This form is quite sufficient of itself to establish the claims of Seabreeze to take high rank either among the colts or fillies of her year, and, in fact, almost exhausts the argument as applied to the Oaks, albeit she again ran Friar's Balsam a good second for the July stakes at Newmarket, being beaten three-quarters of a length on 7 pounds better terms than at Ascot. After that she won the Ham Produce stakes at Goodwood, was third to Galore and Arrandale (giving each of them 14 pounds) for the Harrington stakes at Derby; won the Buckenham stakes and the Boscawen stakes on the same afternoon at the Newmarket First October, and again beat Anarch and a half dozen others over the T. Y. C. at the same meeting. Of the five runners in the Middle Park Plate she was third, holding that position to Friar's Balsam and Hazlethatch, and finishing in front of Marmion and Rose Window. Were I to go serially into the claims of all the others I could advance nothing useful to this.

George W. Atkinson was the referee in the glove fight in England between Dick Perrin and Harry Barnes, who recently fought for a purse; Barnes, who secured the highest corner, having for his attendant Bill Goode, of Battersea, while Barney Shepherd looked after the wants of Perrin.

The battle was a desperate one for ten rounds. In the eleventh after a little preliminary sparring both rushed at each other, and in some fast fighting Barnes got his right home on the desired spot, and brought his man down. He, however, was up again in the stipulated time (10 sec.), but only to be served again in a similar manner, when he again rose, and the pair boxed all over the ring, until Barnes hit his man again very hard, and as he was scarcely able to stand he gave in. Barnes being proclaimed the winner, the battle having lasted a little over 41 minutes.

Harry Barnes, who hails from Battersea, is thirty-three years of age, stands 5 feet in height and weighs 7 stone 3 pounds. He has been before the public a considerable time as a "boxer," his first opponent being J. Towler, whom he knocked out in 3 rounds. He next beat George Boon in 6 minutes. He also fought a draw (11 rounds) with Tom Rowan, of Clerkenwell; beat Steve Corbett in a 10-round contest at the Lambeth School of Arms, and Con Donovan, who lately fought T. Monk, of Birmingham, in a similar contest at the same place; beat Harry Williams in a 4-round contest; Sims, of Walsworth, in a 6-round contest, and has met G. Callan, of Bloomsbury, three times, being successful on two occasions, besides winning a couple of open competitions, in addition to which he claims the merit of introducing to the public his clever fellow-parishioners, Sam Blakelock, Bill Goode and Dave Phillips. His last engagement of note was with his present opponent, whom he met in a 6-round contest at the Lambeth School of Arms, when Perrin gained the verdict, ever since which time Barnes has been anxious to have another cut at him. Dick Perrin, who is better known as Curley, of Hackney, is twenty-two years of age, stands 4 feet 11 inches in height and brings down the beam at 7 stone 7 pounds, though not boasting such a record as the Battersea man, has won five open competitions, beating Young Phippen, of Spitalfields, and has also beat J. Mills and fought a draw with him.

Will wire you from France the result of Sullivan and Mitchell's fight and my opinion of the result. RED DRAGON.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. J. Adrian, Mich.—No.  
C. G. B. Westfield.—Yes.  
D. W. Boston, Mass.—No.  
T. J. B. New York.—B wins.  
F. H. New Berlin, N. Y.—No.  
C. J. H. New York City.—No.  
J. S. O. Providence, R. I.—Yes.  
J. J. K. Brooklyn, N. Y.—Yes.  
J. S. Eufaula, Ala.—1. No. 2. Yes.  
J. D. D. Peru, Ind.—One mile and a half.  
A. B. Easton, Pa.—Procure "Baseball Guide."  
A. H. W. Newtonville, O.—Not that we are aware of.  
A. H. Marquette, Mich.—About \$10 or \$15, according to size.  
O. H. F. Cedar Bluffs, Cedar Co., Iowa.—He was born in 1858.  
Ed Young, Chicago, Ill.—1. Thanks. 2. It was too late for publication.

W. S. Westport.—1. No. 2. H. M. Johnson and Harry Bethune.

FAIR PLAY, Boston, Mass.—There is no book published on dog fighting.

J. M., Washington, D. C.—A letter addressed to this office will reach him.

CONSTANT READER, Pleasant Valley.—The umpire's decision was correct.

J. P. M., Worcester, Mass.—Return the money to the parties who put it up.

M. J., Halifax, N. S.—Mitchell never fought John L. Sullivan at New Orleans. A wins.

D. W., Youngstown, Ohio.—Charley Mitchell was born in Birmingham, of Irish parents.

S. P., Florence Co., Florence, Wis.—Send for the "Police Gazette Standard Book of Rules."

R. S., Baltimore, Md.—Chas. Rowell covered 150 miles 295 yards in 23 hours, New York, 1882.

B. J. P., Herald, Los Angeles.—Thanks. The matter will be published in the POLICE GAZETTE.

B. F. D., Brooklyn.—Ed Hanlan won the championship of the world at the Centennial regatta, 1876.

W. W. D., Dallas, Texas.—J. L. Sullivan fought Prof. John Donaldson of Cincinnati at the latter place.

M. W. M., Chapinville, Ontario Co., N. Y.—Jem Smith, the English champion, was never in the United States.

N. M. D., Rochester.—Jake Kilrain did assist to train Charley Mitchell and also acted as one of the latter's seconds.

J. S., New York.—Fastest time for opening 1000 oysters is 45 minutes, by John Lahay, at New York City, on April 2, 1888.

A. C. G., Ash and, Wis.—Yes; by several persons. There is nothing remarkable about a man putting up a 170-pound bell.

W. E. B., Scott River, Cal.—The fastest time for 100 yards is 9.45 seconds, made by H. M. Johnson at Cleveland, Ohio, July 31, 1886.

A. J. McD., Mount Pleasant, Pa.—We can mail you a copy of the POLICE GAZETTE with Bryan Campbell's record if you send 15 cents.

W. H. C., Providence, R. I.—John L. Sullivan defeated Paddy Ryan in 9 rounds, lasting 11 minutes, at Mississippi City, Miss., Feb. 7, 1882.

R. L., Colby, Kansas.—Richard K. Fox backed Paddy Ryan, while James Keenan, of Boston, and Billy Madden found the \$2,500 for Sullivan.

D. W., St. Louis.—1. We consider Jake Kilrain, the champion pugilist of America, the best heavy-weight pugilist in the world.

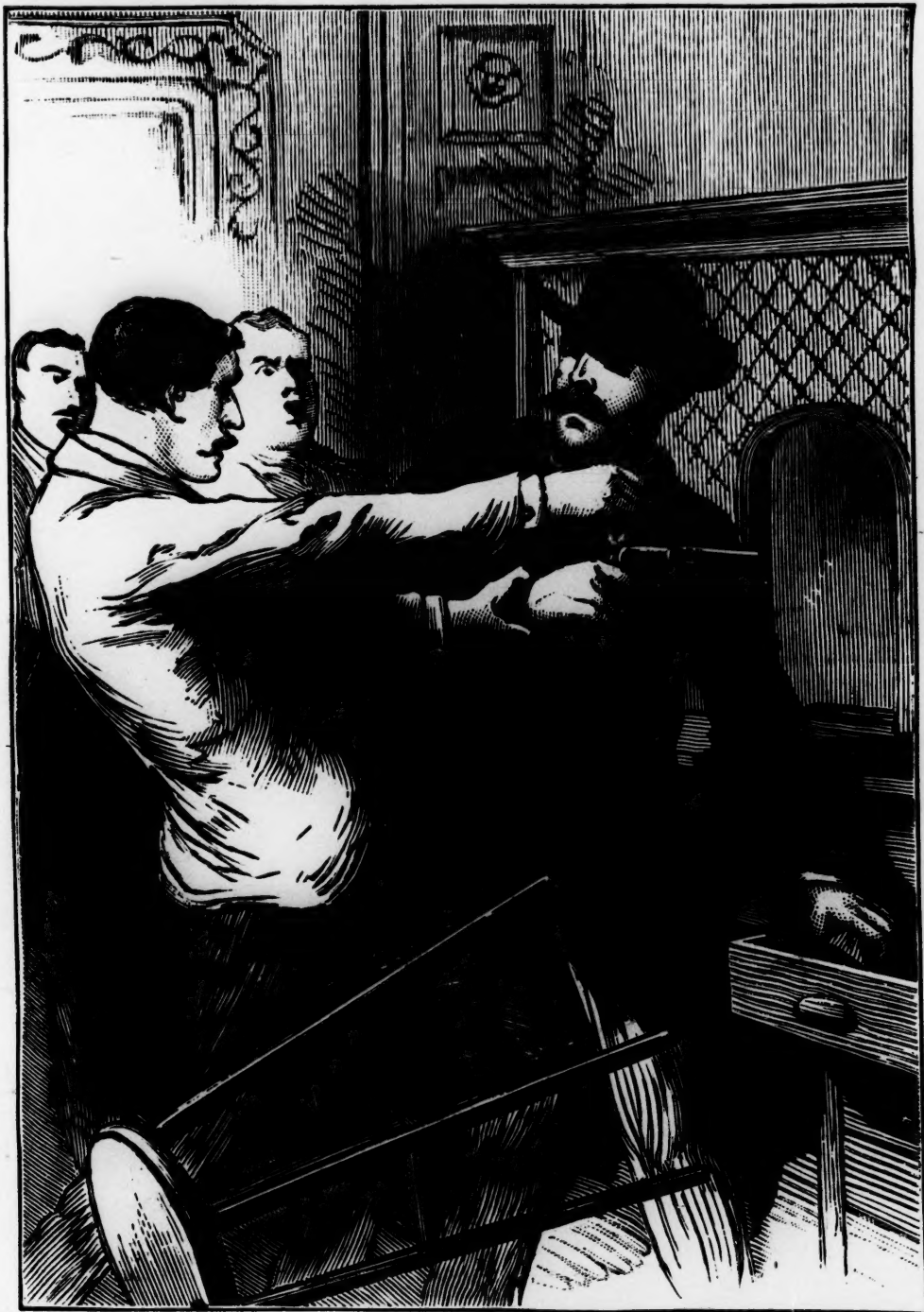
2. No. 3. Joe Coburn fought Jem Mace a draw at Bay St. Louis.

4. No.

D. J., Omaha.—1. Bets on the result of the Mitchell and Sullivan fight are off, and money held must be returned. 2. Bets on time, or how long the fight would last, first blood, knock-down, etc., stand.

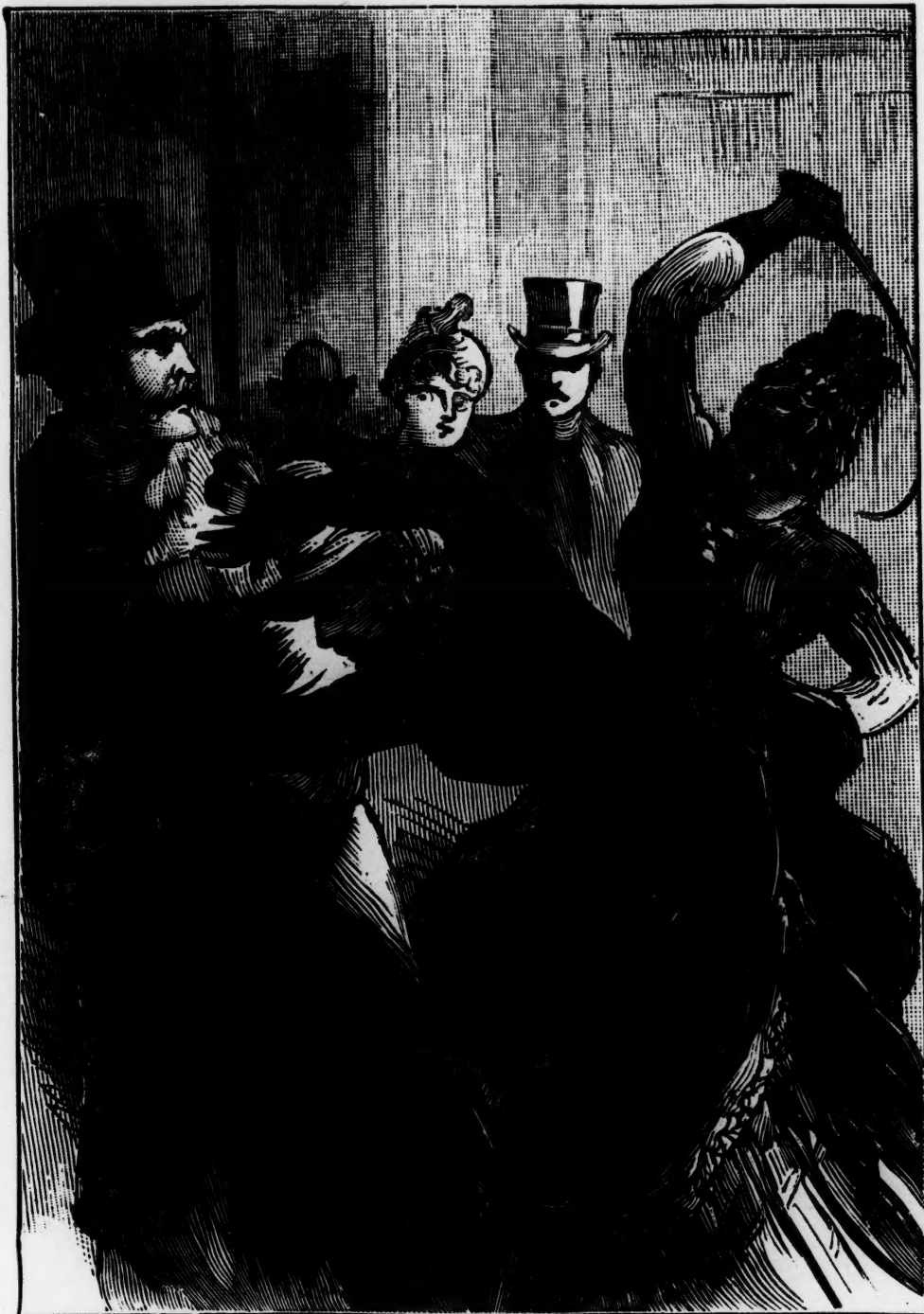
Smart men in small towns and villages where there are no regular newsdealers can add largely to their income by soliciting subscriptions in their localities for the POLICE GAZETTE. Send for samples, outfit and terms.





FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

WHILE REPULSING A BURGLAR CASHIER TOMLINSON, OF THE BRADFORD, PA., NATIONAL BANK, IS MORTALLY WOUNDED.



"THERE, TAKE THAT!"

AN INDISCREET NEW YORK MAN IS PUNISHED BY AN ANGRY WIFE WHOM HE NEGLECTS, TO SHARE HIS AFFECTIONS WITH PRETTY WOMEN.



SHEDDING BLOOD TO SETTLE A QUARREL.

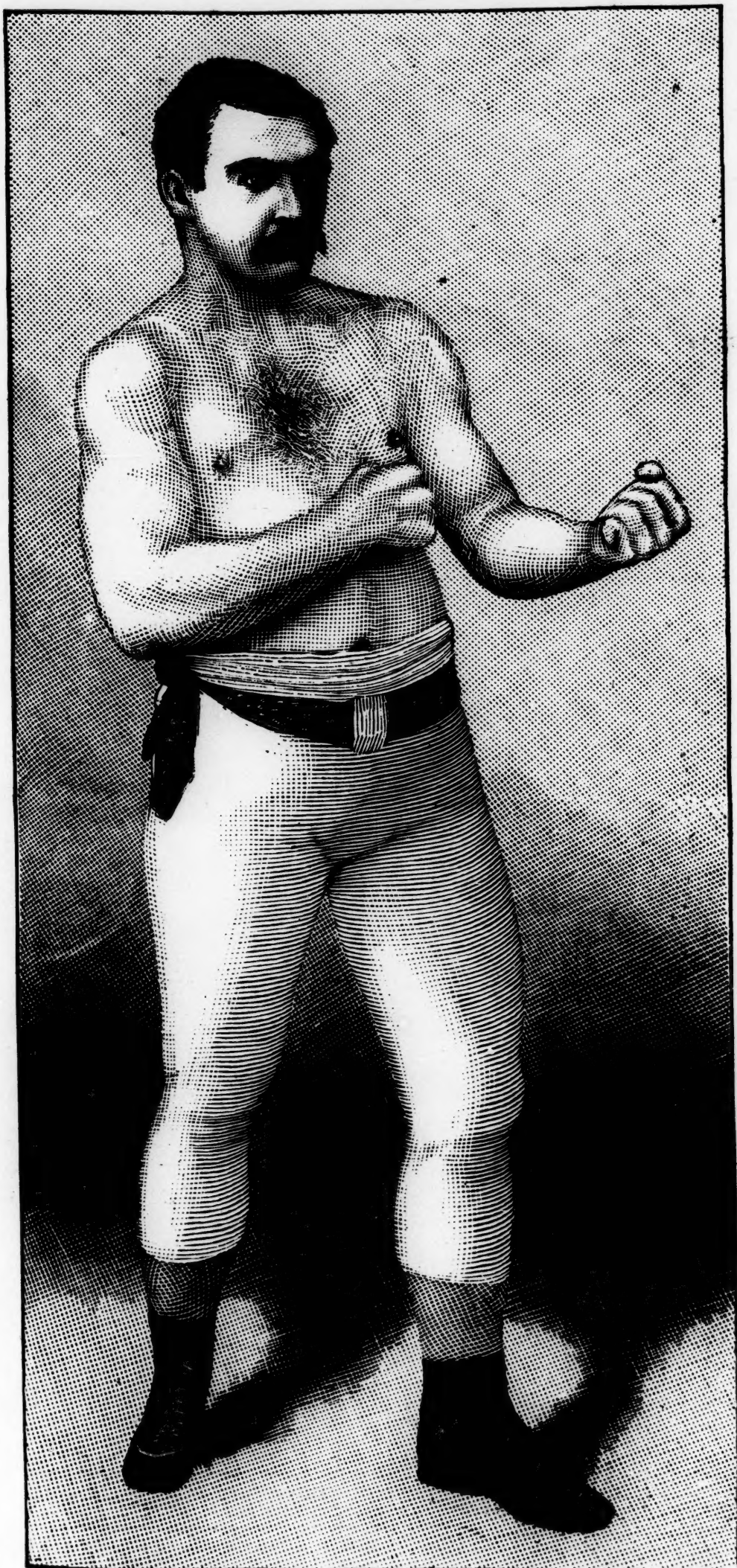
A RIOT INCITED BY RIVAL MERCHANTS AT NEW ERA, WEST TENNESSEE, ENDS IN THE DEATH OF THE PRINCIPALS.





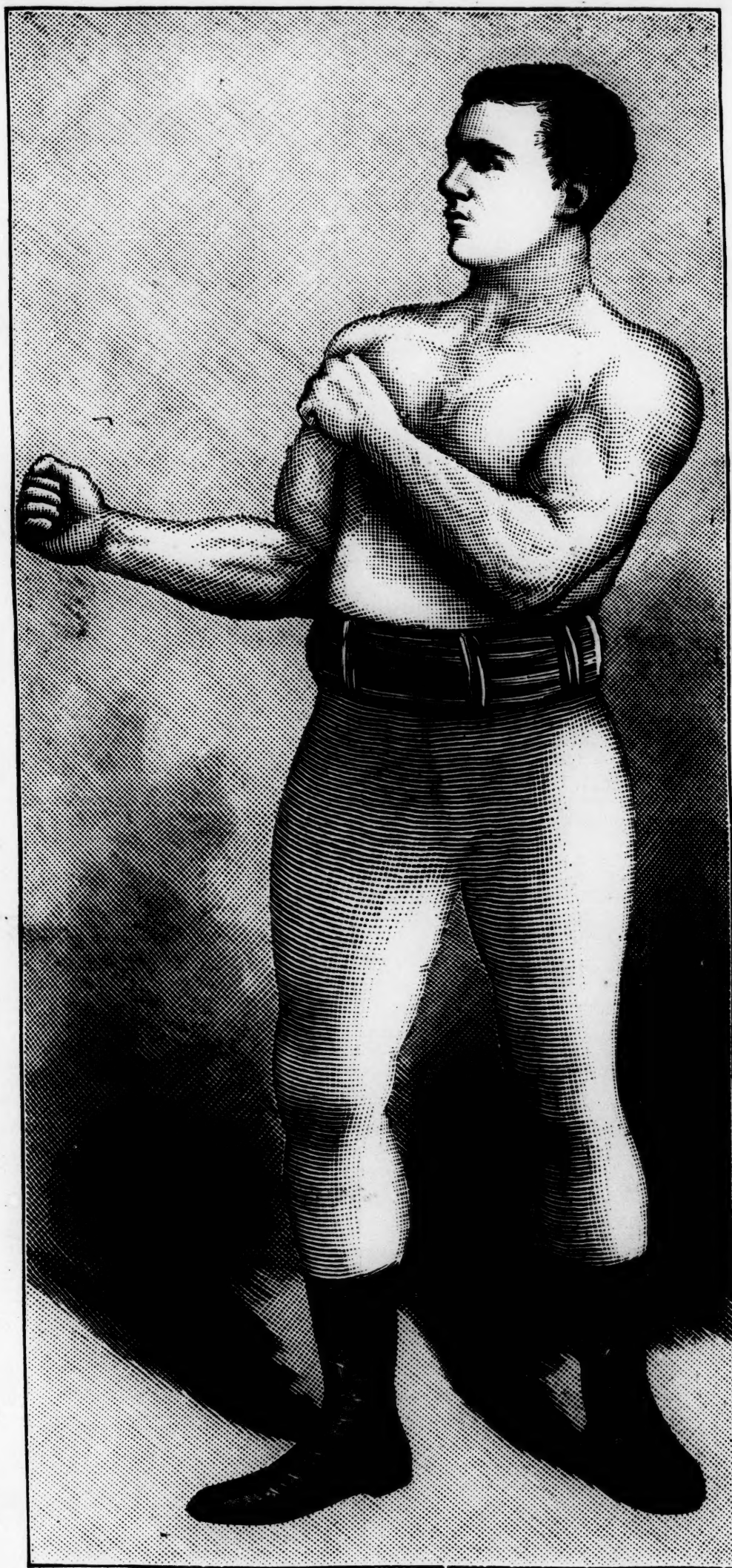
JOHN L.'S CHAGRIN.

HOW HE DROWNED HIS DISAPPOINTMENT OVER HIS ILL SUCCESS IN WHIPPING CHARLEY MITCHELL.



JAKE KILRAIN,

HOLDER OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE" DIAMOND BELT REPRESENTING THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.



CHARLEY MITCHELL,

THE INVINCIBLE, WHO PROVED MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE BOSTON SLUGGER IN THE LATE INTERNATIONAL PRIZE FIGHT.



MITCHELL AFTER THE BATTLE.

ENTERTAINING HIMSELF AND FRIENDS WITH THE GLOWING NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS OF HIS GREAT FIGHT WITH THE BOSTON BOY.



## WHIPPED TO DEATH.

A coroner's jury has been investigating the charges of cruelty in the penitentiary at Coal Hill, near Little Rock, Ark. Warden Gafford hindered the inquiry as much as he could, and, as it was carried on in spite of his efforts, he suddenly disappeared. It was then discovered that Charles Williams, a convict who recently died, had been whipped to death, receiving over four hundred lashes. Moss Harvey, a colored convict, was killed in a fight with another convict, Mars Bailey, which Gafford had gotten up for his amusement. Another case was revealed in the death of Moses Elder, a white man, who had been beaten to death. There are ten or twelve new graves in the yard, but it is not known who are buried in them. Governor Hughes has offered a reward of \$200 for Gafford's arrest.

In order to secure the opinion of Jake Kilrain, the champion pugilist of America, regarding the Sullivan and Mitchell international prize fight, Richard K. Fox cabled Kilrain with that object in view, and received the following reply:

LONDON, March 16.

Richard K. Fox, Proprietor of the Police Gazette:

Mitchell should receive great credit for being able to injure Sullivan's right arm by a tremendous blow, and then to stop the big fellow's rushes. It is not fair to say Mitchell fought shy of Sullivan, for after the fourteenth round Mitchell did all the fighting, and completely out-generated Sullivan, who was tired out, and whose only chance of winning was by outstaying Charley. Mitchell's right hand, which he injured when attempting to knock out Denny Hayes at Leadville, went up in the 8th round, or the battle would not have ended in a draw. Mitchell is foolish if he ever fights again, because he cannot trust his hands and they are liable to go up any time.

My opinion of Sullivan is that he has been greatly over rated, and is too slow and lacks the generalship and activity that is necessary to engage in a battle governed by prize ring rules.

I was only a novice at fighting by London prize ring rules when you matched me to fight Jim Smith for \$5,000 a side and the championship of the world. My experience with Smith, the champion of England, and points I picked up looking at Charley Mitchell fight Sullivan, have given me all the experience I need, and it proves that to be a champion, London prize ring rules are the only proper conditions to fight by, for they give a true test of science, stamina and courage.

I hold the "Police Gazette" champion belt, which represents the championship of the world, and I intend to continue to wear it and battle for it and the championship against Sullivan any time he challenges me to contend for it. Regards to you and my friends.

JACK KILRAIN.

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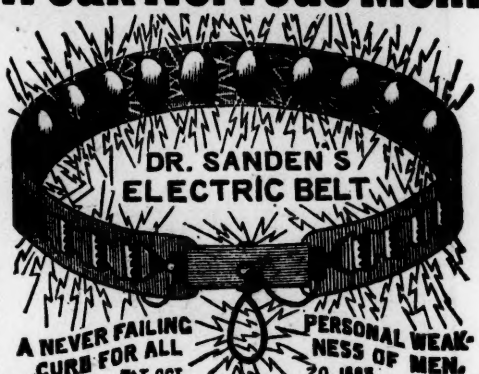
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